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THE IMAGE OF WAR,
OR
SERVICE ON THE CHIN HILLS.

BY
SURGEON-CAPTAIN A. G. E. NEWLAND,
I.M.S., 2nd Burma Battalion.

With an **INTRODUCTORY HISTORICAL NOTE** by
J. D. MACNABB, Esq., POLITICAL OFFICER, S. CHIN HILLS.



ILLUSTRATED WITH 191 PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR.

CALCUTTA:
THACKER, SPINK AND CO.

1894.

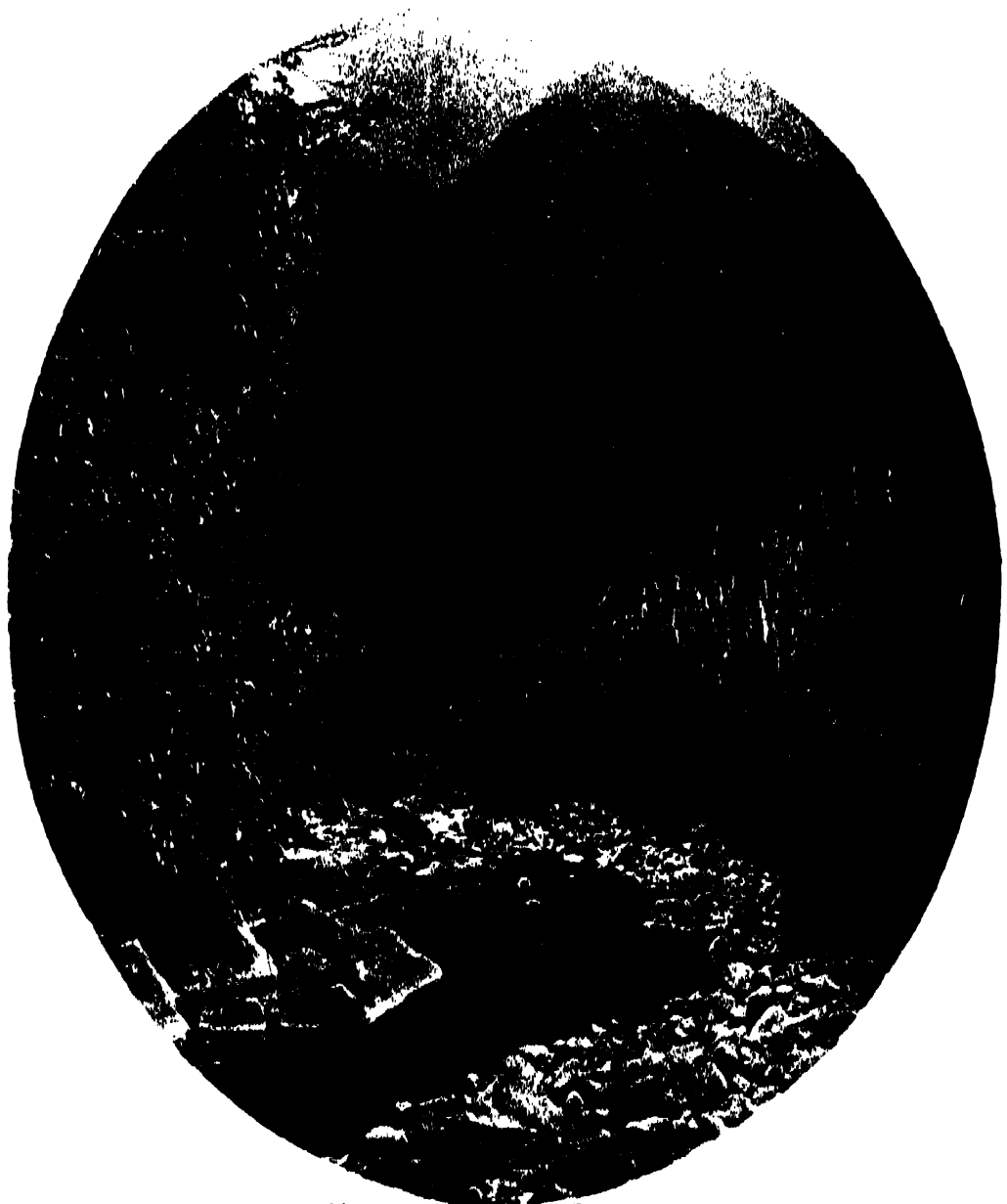
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MOUNTAIN STREAM IN CHINLAND.

Thacker, Spink & Co., Calcutta.

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GOVERNMENT STEAMERS LANDING TROOPS AT KALEWA, ON THE FRONTIER, FOR THE CHIN EXPEDITIONS.

Thurston, Spink & Co., Columbia.

NOTE ON THE HISTORY OF THE CHIN HILLS,

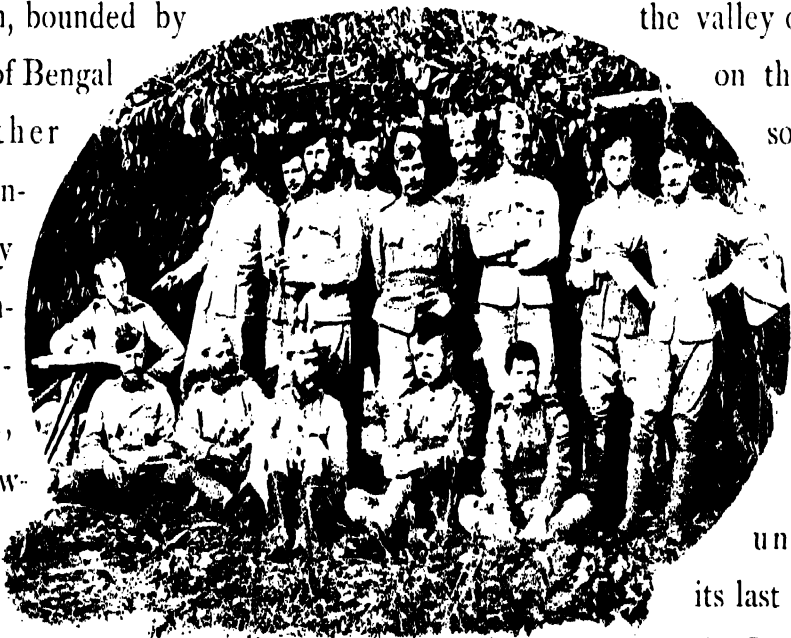
BY

J. D. MACNABB, ESQ., B.S.C., POLITICAL OFFICER, CHIN HILLS.



The great mountain ranges of Thibet and Central Asia send down; west and south of the supposed sources of the mighty Brahmaputra, a great offshoot or spur which, bounded by the valley of Assam and the plains of Bengal and, farther south, by the Bay of Bengal, west, and by the Chinthe Irra- the east, ever-narrow- the south, Negrais, out on

the valley of Assam and on the north-west, south, by the gal on the the valleys dwain and waddy on stretches in ing ranges to until as Cape its last peak, it looks the Indian Ocean.



OFFICERS OF THE KLUNG KLUNG EXPEDITION.

These mountains are inhabited by various tribes, which, known under many different names, are alike at least in their barbarous instincts and raiding proclivities. In Bengal since 1844, and in Chittagong and Lower Burma since 1847, they have been a constant source of trouble and anxiety.

The history of our dealings with these tribes is one long tale of forbearance

INTRODUCTION.

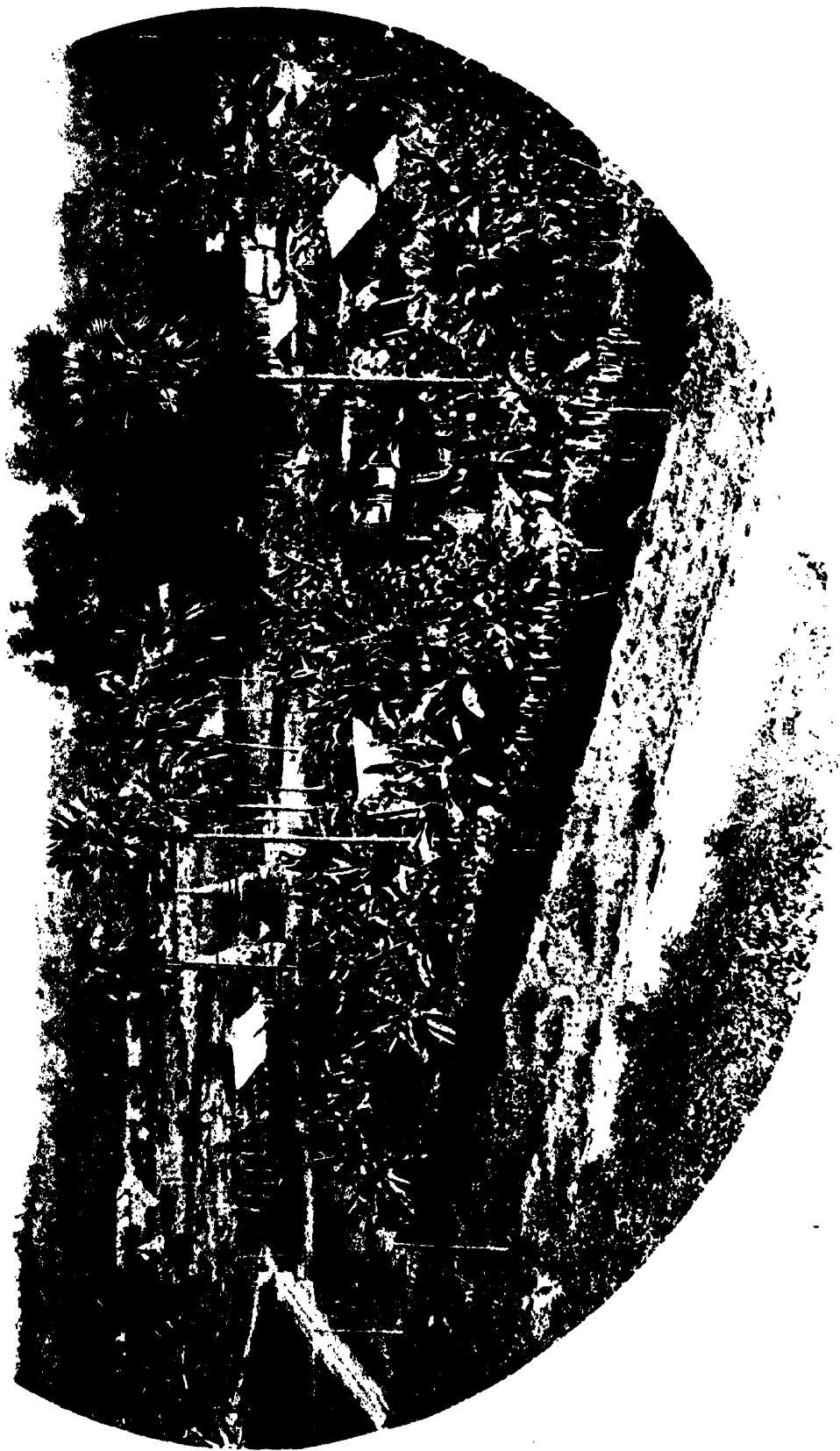
on our part, and unprovoked aggression on theirs, marked at but too frequent intervals by the murder of our most devoted frontier officers and the subsequent punitive expeditions. The conversion of Upper Burma into a British province changed our relations with these tribes, which thus had become surrounded by British territory, and could therefore no longer be treated as mere frontier tribes, with whom the less we had to do the better. The tribes in these hills bordering on Burma are usually known as Chins, and those bordering on Bengal and Assam as Lushais. The frequent raids committed on the plain villages by



LUSHAI FRONTIER POLICE.

these tribes called loudly for decisive action; and in 1888 matters were brought to a climax by the murder of Lieut. Stewart by the Lushais whilst surveying.

A punitive column was sent out to avenge this outrage in the open season of 1888-89, and the same year a force from Burma, under command of General Faunce, C.B., with Major Raikes, C.I.E., as Political Officer, was sent into the country of the Siyin tribe, who, refusing to submit or surrender their Burmese captives, had all their villages destroyed, and the post of Fort White was established.



MINYWA, ON CHIN FRONTIER: THE STARTING POINT OF THE BOU NGSHAY EXPEDITION.

Thacker, Spink & Co. Calcutta.

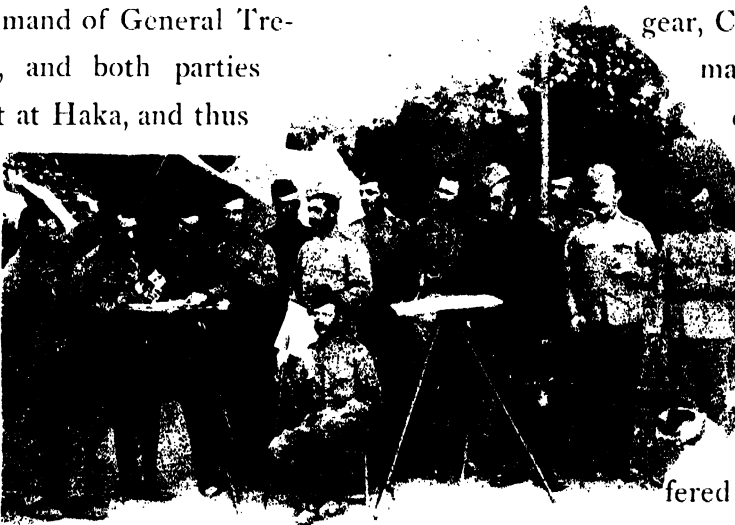
INTRODUCTION.

In the open season of 1889-90 another expedition was organised, which was placed under command of Brigadier-General Symons, C.B., who was also given chief political powers, with Mr. Ross, Assistant Commissioner, and Mr. Carey, Assistant Commissioner, to assist him. This expedition, marching up from Pakoko to Kan, entered the hills much further south than the expedition of the preceding season, and, with but little resistance, occupied and established a post at Haka, the chief village of the Haka tribe, and visited Falam and the country round Haka. Another expedi-

tion from the Bengal side, under the command of General Tre-

gear, C.B., advanced making a mule track, they met at Haka, and thus

through
c a t i o n
Burma and
these ex-
found the
worse ene-
Chins and
the troops suf-
fever.



established
communi-
between
India. Both
peditions
malaria a
my than the
Lushais, and
fered severely from

OFFICERS OF THE BOUNGSHAY EXPEDITION.

During the open season of 1890-91, no arrangements were made for any expeditions on a large scale, but the murder of the Assistant Political Officer, Mr. Wetherell, by the Thettas necessitated the punishment of this village; and the first party not proving strong enough, a column of 250 rifles and two mountain guns, under Colonel Mainwaring, was sent up, *via* Gungaw, to Thetta, meeting another party from Haka. These two parties, combining, made an expedition into the Bounghshay country to the south, going as far as Shurkwa. Although the Bounghshay Chins had made great preparations for resistance and built numerous stockades, they lost heart at the last and offered but little resistance to the troops.

INTRODUCTION.

The season closed by a rising of the Klung Klung tribe, who attacked a party of troops accompanying the Political Officer on a peaceful errand to meet the Political Officer of South Lushai at Tao, in April, but the Manipur disaster tied our hands and prevented immediate punishment being inflicted on this tribe. In the northern Chin Hills much had been done to bring the Kanhows under control, and a new post had been established at Tiddim.

This season did not effect much improvement in our position in the hills, except to make it evident that it was not sufficient to occupy isolated posts in



OFFICERS OF THE BURMA AND BENGAL COLUMNS AT TAO VILLAGE.

the hills to stop the raiding in the plains, but that it was incumbent on us to bring all the Chin tribes under control.

To effect this in the open season of 1891-92 the following columns were organized :—

FIRST—The Bounghshay Column, commanded by Major Gunning, K.R.R., and consisting of 250 rifles and two mountain guns, was directed to explore and bring under our control the Bounghshay tribes south of Haka.



OFFICERS OF THE TASHON EXPEDITION.

INTRODUCTION.

SECOND—The Klung Klung Column, of the same strength, and commanded by Major Browne, D.S.O., 39th Gharwal Rifles, was directed to punish the Klung Klung tribe for their attack on our troops in April, 1890.

THIRD—The Tashon and the Nwengal Columns, consisting of 300 rifles and two mountain guns each, and commanded respectively by Major Howlett, 2nd Burma Battalion, and Captain Hugh Rose, were directed to occupy and establish a post at Falam and bring the Tashon tribe and their tributaries under our control.

FOURTH—The Kanhow Column, under command of Captain Stevens, 4th M.P., and consisting of 250 rifles and two mountain guns, was directed to visit the Kanhow tribes and to open up communication with Manipur.



All these columns were directed to accomplish their work without fighting. Towards the end of the season, however, small outbreaks occurred at Shurkwa and Botoung,

OFFICERS AND SERJEANTS OF THE KING'S ROYAL RIFLES WHO TOOK PART IN THE EXPEDITIONS.

suppressed without trouble, the Chins suffering heavy loss at Shurkwa. Troubles had, however, been gathering in Lushailand, and the end of the season saw a general rising both in North and South Lushai, which was suppressed with some difficulty, as strong reinforcements had to be sent to Forts Aijal and Lungleh, and a column had to march across from Fort White to relieve the Superintendent of South Lushai in the face of great difficulties, upon which the rising collapsed.

INTRODUCTION.

Such is an outline of the history of the Chin-Lushai Hills. It is a land that produces nothing but the savages who inhabit it. A

thorn in the sides of all who have to do with it, it has no future, and appears capable of no development. I have never met an officer who has been in them whose dearest wish it has not been to get out of them !



TOUNGTHAS WOMEN ON THE CHIN FRONTIER.

For troops it is a most trying country to campaign in. Approached through malarious valleys and *terai* which decimate the troops with sickness before they reach the inhabited heights,



OLD FALAM : WHERE PERMANENT POST WAS BUILT.

they are then rewarded by constant marching over a succession of razor-backed



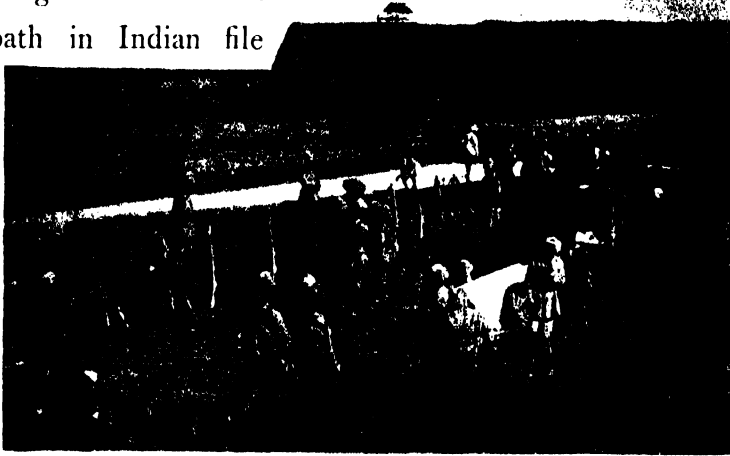
CAMP AT MINYWA AND MYETTHA RIVER.

Thacker, Spink & Co., Calcutta.

INTRODUCTION.

mountains and over paths so bad that sometimes it is only with infinite difficulty that five miles a day are accomplished.

Except it be to rush a stockade, seen, and fighting consists of march-precipitous path in Indian file picked off by enemy. What immediate Chin Hills it to foretell, hoped that will in due down into law-abiding Her Majesty the Queen-Empress.



TROOPS MARCHING UP THE FRONTIER.

no enemies are ever ing along a and being an invisible may be the future of the is impossible but it is to be the Chins time settle peaceful and subjects of

J. D. M.

HAKA, CHIN HILLS, *June, 1892.*



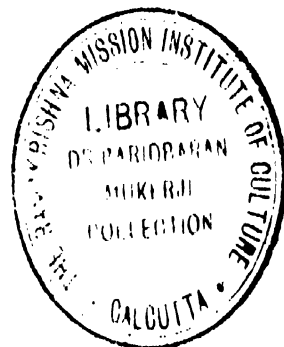
EXPEDITION MARCHING INTO THE HILLS.

THEY ARE NOT A FIGHTING ARMY.

THE IMAGE OF WAR;

OR,

SERVICE ON THE CHIN HILLS.



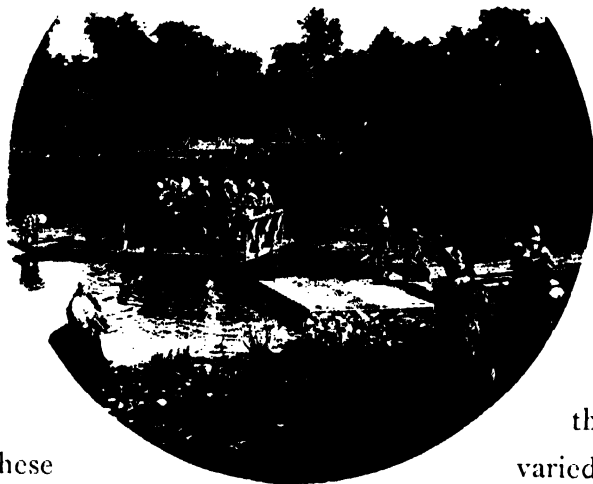
A CAMP IN THE HILLS—KLUNG-KLUNG COUNTRY.



WE WILL not weary the reader by detailed descriptions of the expeditions. To give a minute account of the various expeditions into these hills would not only be foreign to our purpose, but would be monotonous and uninteresting. Our object is not to weary the reader, but rather to entertain him by the few rambling notes we shall jot down, which will, we hope, help him to understand the pictures and to gather an idea of what service on these hills is like.

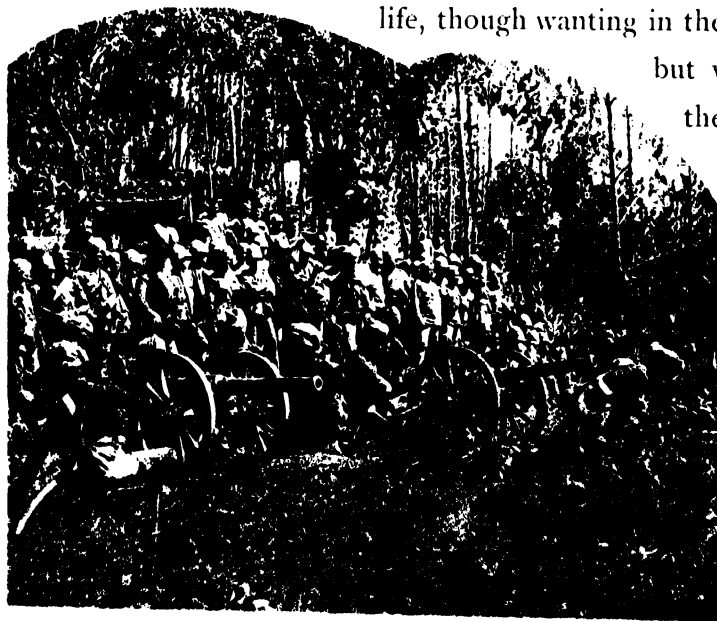
Our Experiences are Common.

Mr. Macnabb has various expeditions and the work they ed. The streams through, the ed, the *khuds* down, the food sickness that the odorous everywhere, the drenching rain ; sweltering heat in clothed valleys ; all these



TROOPS CROSSING A RIVER ON THE FRONTIER.

told us briefly of the into these hills, have accomplish- we waded hills we climb- we slipped we ate, the laid us low, Chins we met freezing cold, the afterwards the the deep jungle- varied scenes of camp-



SHELLING A HOSTILE VILLAGE—"LOADING."

life, though wanting in the excitements of actual warfare but with all its discomforts, were the common experiences of all the expeditions. The experience of one is, therefore, the experience of all. "But," in the slightly altered words of a well-known writer, "let it not be imagined for a moment that these inhospitable hills or the hard life had in the least suppressed the spirit of making the best of things, which is common to

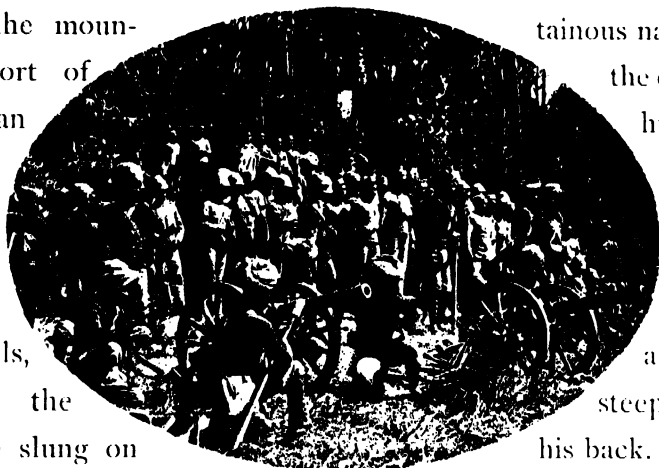
the Anglo-Saxon blood wherever found."



CO NG IOINU
alcutta.

Our Transport.

Owing to the mountainous nature of the country, the transport of the columns consisted mainly of Indian hill coolies, supplemented, as occasion required, by Chins. The Chin, when he can be obtained, is an excellent beast of burden. He is quite at home in these hills, and thinks nothing of running up the steepest with eighty pounds or more slung on his back. They also carry their own food, thus giving the commissariat no trouble on that score.



SHELLING A HOSTILE VILLAGE—"FIRE!"

In some of the expeditions, where mule-tracks had been previously made, mule transport to a limited extent was employed in addition to the coolies. These coolie corps were enlisted in Darjeeling, and brought across specially for these operations. Each corps was in charge of a British officer. A surgeon was also attached to each.



SHELLING A HOSTILE VILLAGE—"JAMMED."

A Chat about the Coolies.

These Gurkha and Bhætia coolies were a cheery lot of little fellows. At first, coming through the *terai*, many were knocked over by illness, and about a hundred

were more or less *hors de combat*. But those who kept their health worked very well indeed, and, once we were well in the hills, the sickness among them greatly diminished. They were nailers at ferreting out fowls or pigs in deserted villages. They always

discovered the yam and sweet potato fields sooner than anyone else, with the exception of the Chin friendlies, whom they ran very close. On the march, too, they were always discovering edible roots of all kinds, which they dug up and munched as they went along. On arrival in camp, they deposited their loads, and then



CHIN COOLIES : RESTING AND FEEDING ON THE MARCH.

there was a rush to the site told off for them to secure the best spots. Then they raced off to the jungle, and with their handy *kukries* they cut down trees and branches, and in a very short time they had built themselves "lean-tos" and had

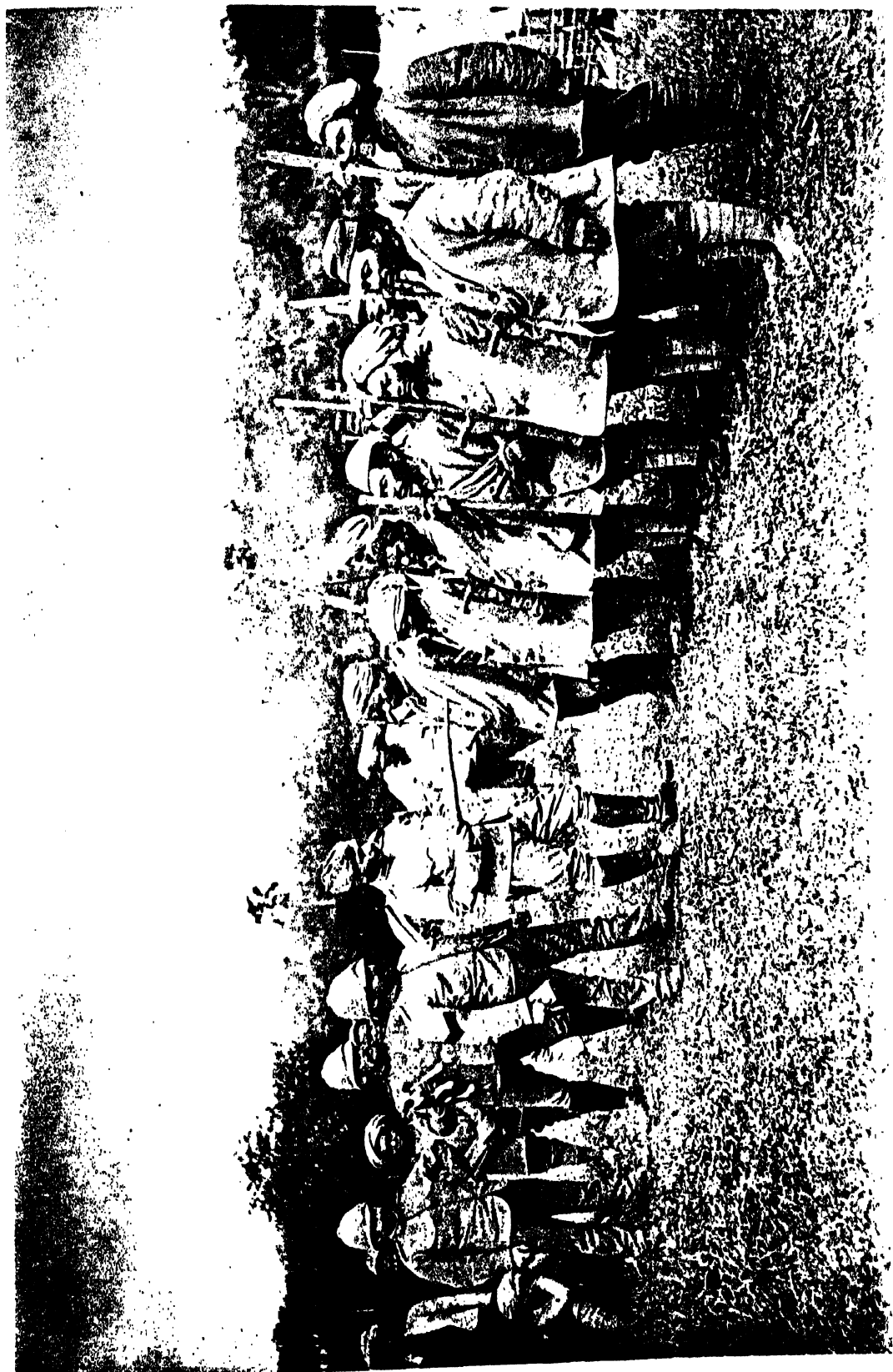
commenced their culinary operations. They always appeared to be in the best of spirits. They seemed to look down upon the Chin, and thought



GURKHA COOLIES : HOW THEY CARRY THEIR LOADS.

he had no right in the country at all. When they first came into these hills, they were provided by Government with a complete outfit, from boots to great-coats. On the first few marches you saw them lost in a heap of clothing and struggling

along in loose ill-fitting boots. But gradually the things disappeared one by one. The boots were the first to go ; and by the end of the operations they did not turn out in a superabundance of clothing.



GURKHA COOLIE CAMP: MOUNTING THE SANITARY GUARD.

Thacker, Spink & Co., Calcutta.

In camp they were very handy too. They brought in fire-wood or built us shelters or helped in constructing defences. Many of the Bhoetias attached themselves as cooks to the soldiers' messes on the chance of picking up scraps. They helped

in slaughtering mythun and goats also on the chance of getting the remains. It was

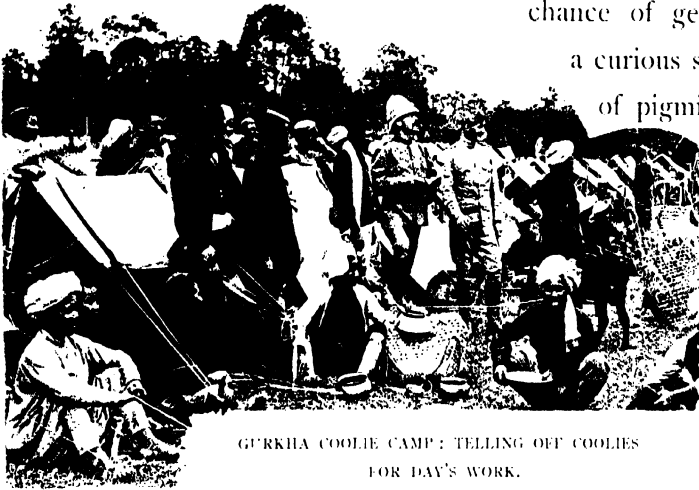
a curious sight to watch the long line of pigmies tramping up a hill with

their loads. From time to time they halted in groups, resting their loads on sticks, or on convenient banks or rocks, to ease their backs; and every time they did this,

each man emitted a long

shrill whistle of relief, by which you could tell in the densest forest when the coolies were in the neighbourhood.

At first there was considerable difficulty in finding your coolie or your kit in camp. But subsequently when they got to know the various *sahibs* and their regiments, and fell into the daily routine, there was no more trouble in this respect. Sometimes, however, your coolie went sick on the march, and, perhaps, a relief had to be sent back from camp. This would delay your kit, and on one or two occasions some of us were kept without our bedding in this way till nearly midnight. There were always a number of spare coolies with



GURKHA COOLIE CAMP: TELLING OFF COOLIES FOR DAY'S WORK.



GURKHA COOLIE CAMP: MEDICINE TIME.

the rear-guard to bring on the loads of men, who, from sickness or other causes, were unable to do so themselves. However, we had nothing to complain of on this head as, after the first few marches, our kits were usually first into camp.



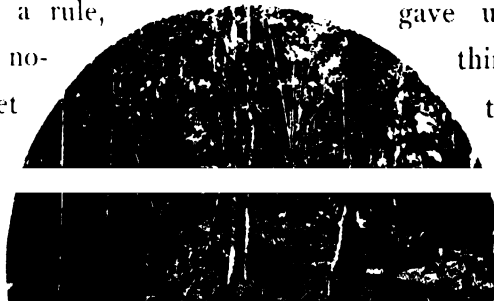
COOLIES CARRYING BAGGAGE ON
POLES ACROSS A RIVER.

They had a certain amount of *esprit de corps*, too, in a small way, and when a comrade went sick on the march and could not get along, though they did not appeal to his patriotic feelings to induce him to make one final effort to reach camp—like the soldier who, to encourage his sick and weary comrade who had lain down on the road-side and refused to march any farther, entreated him to “make a heffort, Bill! Old England knows what you’re a-doin’ of!”—yet they did their best to help the man along, often carrying him and his load

too, in addition to their own, when no spare coolies were available, so that there might be no complaints against their corps.

Our Servants make us Swear!

Our servants, as a rule, Although they had no- carry up the hills, yet to arrive in camp the they came, there cup of hot tea or sion erected. It violent language, but



gave us the most trouble. thing but themselves to they usually managed last of all! And till was no getting a having your man- often made us use who could blame us?

What about our



tents and things.

No tents were the columns, except were they necessary. ence the men soon

ON THE MARCH: COOLIES RESTING.

taken with any of for the hospital; nor After a little experi- learned to run up very Immediately on

snug shelters of leaves covered with their waterproof sheets.



AFTER THE DAY'S WORK.

arrival in camp the men set to work, and within an hour everyone was comfortably settled down in his own shelter.

In work of this kind, and in clearing the jungle, &c., the men armed with *kukries* had a great pull over
were not so armed.

invested in these knives,
prices from the

Every officer too
self with one. It
cellent thing if,
description, all
and Native, were
kukries.



OFFICERS GIVING A HELPING HAND

their comrades in arms who

Many of the men in-
buying them at high
Gurkha coolies.

had provided him-
would be an ex-
on service of this
troops, British
furnished with

Most of the officers had brought out miniature tents of many varieties. They
were just high enough to crawl under, and they kept off the dew at night. They
were very light, and

gauge allowed to
had no tents
waterproof
pole and slept
and a water-
decent size
excellent tent.
the dew and
is all that is
work of this



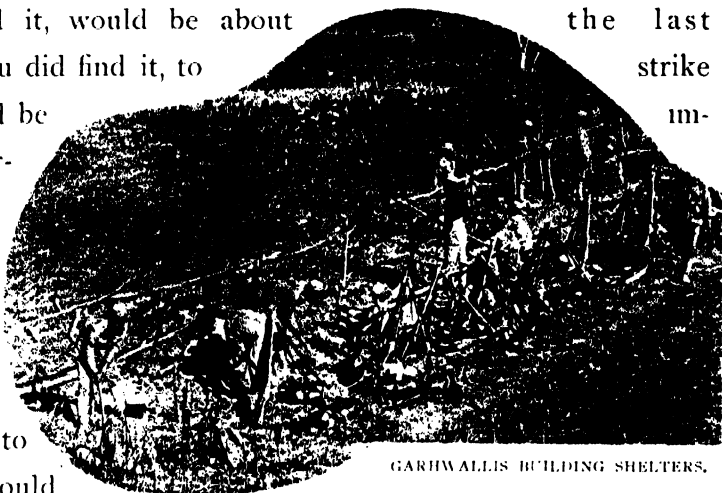
ARRIVAL OF COOLIES IN CAMP WITH RATIONS.

came within the total of 40 lbs. of bag-
each officer. Those who
stretched their
sheets over a
under them --
proof sheet of
makes a very
It keeps off
rain, and that
necessary in
kind.

Our tents sometimes give trouble.

Sometimes, however, a strong breeze would spring up at night and our
miniature tents, if not securely pegged down, would topple over, and the
muffled volley of language that escaped from below the folds of cloth was "quite

frightful to hear," as Truthful James would have remarked. Then crawling out into the cold, dark, shivery night, the irate ones would have to re-erect their fallen tents as best they might. For, as usually happens, to lay your hands on your match-box when you wanted it, would be about the last thing to occur ; and, when you did find it, to strike a light in a gale of wind would be impossible ; and to find your servant in the dark would be equally hopeless—though you wished much to give him a rude awakening for his carelessness in not securing your tent firmly. If you attempted to go in search of him you would either upset someone's tent or shelter, or fall over the *khud* yourself, which would be far worse ; and you cannot shout lest you rouse and alarm the whole camp ; and so, fumbling in the dark and with much vexation of spirit, you at last succeed in re-erecting your abode, into which you once again crawl and turn into your blankets ; or, perchance, if your patience and temper are not up to the strain, you drag your blankets out of your tent and lie *on* your tent, vowing vengeance on your scoundrelly boy !



GARHWALLIS BUILDING SHELTERS.



GURKHA COOLIES BUILDING SHELTERS.

We dilate on the Weather.

During the months of November, December, and January the cold is intense on these hills, the temperature falling below freezing-point at night. The water



WAITING FOR INSPIRATION! WRITING UP THE DAY'S DIARY.

Thacker, Spink & Co., Calcutta.

freezes in our basins, and the ground in the morning is found covered with hoar frost. Marching can be done the whole day. A strong wind usually prevails, and this makes the cold more keen and cutting. Breasting the stiff hills, one gets warmed up to a red heat ; but, when you reach the acclivities, the cold wind goes through you like a knife and makes you shiver to your bones.

To keep oneself warm at night, there is nothing like having one's blankets sewn up into a bag.

In March and April rain falls, and in the low-lying valleys the heat is very considerable about this time, and marching after 8 or 9 o'clock a.m. a terrible grind. The regular rains set in about May or June, and no operations are then possible.

Our Camp Furniture.

Our baggage being on such a limited scale, such luxuries as chairs and tables did not encumber us. After the day's work is done, clad in our great-coats, we sit on the ground round the roaring camp-fire smoking our pipes and chatting till dinner is announced.

Dinner-Time in Camp.

The grunts and shouts of satisfaction with which this announcement is received testifies that everyone is fortified with that greatest of all blessings—a keen appetite. The meal is a frugal one, consisting mainly of bulli-beef and the omnipresent *murghi*, done in various ways, chiefly stewed, boiled or curried—the limits of our *chef's répertoire*. Sometimes these are supplemented with a few odds-and-ends we may have been able to bring up with us. Eggs, too, we usually have in abundance. Your own or your servant's bedding, rolled up into a bundle and deposited between your legs, provides the table on which you dine ; or if the commissariat can give you some empty deal cases, in which beef or biscuit tins are packed, they make excellent tables.

•
Our Servants again.

Our servants are a motley crew. There are representatives from the north, south, east and west of India, as well as from Burma, and even beyond. They apparently do not give their masters complete satisfaction, if one is to judge by the language one hears on all sides, not only



OUR SERVANTS.

at dinner time, but also the last thing at night and the first thing in the morning :—

“Are you not going to give me something to eat, you villain?”

“Why mayn't I have something to drink?”

“Blue blazes ! the cook has made this curry too hot !” shouts someone, as he mops his perspiration-bedewed brow, and his eyes water and twinkle from the warmth of the curry.

“No ! it's an excellent curry !” shout others in derision ; “it's not a bit hot.”

“What have you done with the cold fowl and eggs, you rogue ?”

“Done giving to dogs, master !”

“You incarnation of a liar !”

“You'll all have your pay cut — De'il a sou will any of you get this month.”

“You have drunk the rum, you scoundrel. I'll thrash you ! Get out of my sight !”

“I speak true word, master ; I no drink. Rum fall out on way.”



CAMP TOILET: GETTING READY FOR DINNER.

Thacker, Spink & Co., Calcutta.

Interrogations and exclamations of this sort vary the monotony of the dinner hour. The fusilade, however, falls harmlessly on our *nowkers*, who go on pretty much as usual, and know that master soon forgets his terrible threats of vengeance, and that the heavy fines so freely inflicted are never cut at the end of the month.

One servant must have made his master very angry indeed one day, for we have a vivid recollection one freezing morning of seeing an apparition in pyjamas rush out of his tiny tent with bare feet, regardless of the cold, and, seizing with both hands the first thing he got hold of, which happened to be a large log, he belaboured his *nowker*, and then, panting and out of breath, he dived back into his tent to recover his second wind.

Post-prandial Enjoyments.

Dinner is washed down with rum or whisky, if there is any, or with a hot cup of tea or cocoa. Then, with our pipes and nightcaps of something comforting in our mugs, we sit or lie round the blazing fire talking over the events of the day or relating our mutual experiences, our *raconteurs* shining on such occasions. Some of the circle sometimes burst into melody ; but this was, I confess, not often—we appeared to be an unmusical lot ; or we often arranged the outline of the annual Chin dinner we decided to institute in London, in which roast pork and bulli-beef would largely figure, and the chief drink would be “*Fu*,” the details being left for future consideration ; and so, Alnaschar-like, we built many castles in the air, which the last post-bugle usually shattered, as it told us it was time for bed. Many were the stories, veracious and otherwise, that enlivened our camp-fires. We learnt how the Chin ladies helped in making gunpowder ; how a gallant officer, mistaking the hooting of monkeys for the war-cry of the Chins, rapidly got his guns into action ; and how, many years ago, an Englishman who had been captured from Burma, had been walked through Chin-land, with certain duties to perform. These and many others we heard, but they will not bear repeating here. Our post-prandial gathering round the camp-fire was always an enjoyable time. The wine, it is true, did not flow, because we had none, and the rum and whisky were limited ; but we hoped for better things, and for the time were

content : and we know that a contented mind is a continual feast—or at least they tell us so.

The Junior does Stoker.

To the junior officer pre-stoking the fire. Some-
fire, as deriving the most
upon to do this in this
you are nearest the fire
going out—lots of wood!"
tantly got up and stoked.
ing oneself after a time
One constantly heard
lots of whisky—lots of
"Boy! lots of fowls
very hungry — lots of

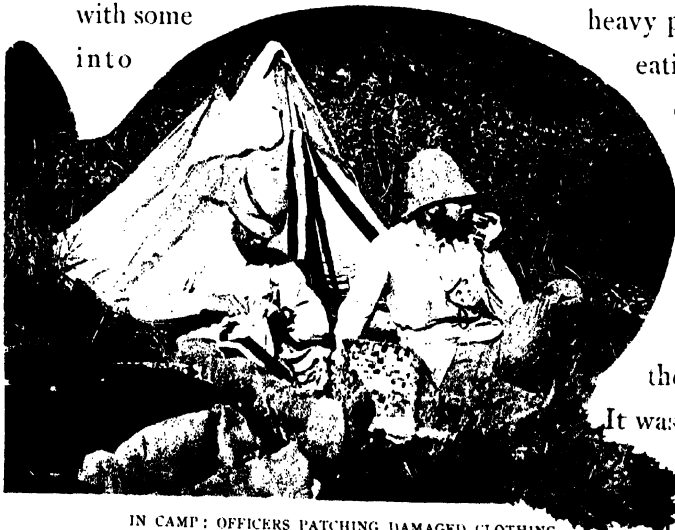


IN CAMP: A DOG FIGHT.

sent usually fell the duty of
times the one nearest the
benefit from it, was called
fashion : — "Sawbones,
—very cold night—fire
Then Sawbones reluc-
This method of express-
became quite popular.
orders like this :—"Boy!
mugs—we are very dry!"
—lots of eggs—we are
stew—lots of omelettes!"

A Nightmare.

On one occasion we had been discussing the possibility of a night-attack. This,
with some
into



IN CAMP: OFFICERS PATCHING DAMAGED CLOTHING.

heavy pastry our cook had inveigled us
eating, had so affected one young
officer that, in the middle of the
night, he gave us all a start by
jumping out of his bed and
with quivering frame and out-
stretched arms shouting out :—
"The Chins are upon us! Here
they are at last!! Look out!!!"
It was only a nightmare.



ARRIVAL OF THE MAIL BAG IN CAMP.

Thayer, Spick & Co., U.S.A.

How we had a night-scare.

We were not often troubled by night-alarms. A Chin hates going about in the dark, he is too afraid of his *Nats*; so they have never made attacks by night. On one occasion only was there a night scare; but we found over-indulgence in "*Yu*" or Chin beer was the cause of it all. The Political

Officer, who, with an escort was sleeping in the village near which camped, sent camp at mid- the people of his friendlies state of excitement momentarily to be neighbouring hostile and bitterly cold night, but had to jump out of his and warn

The



BREAKFAST BEFORE THE START.

of sepoys and his friendlies,

Chief's house in a

the troops were

down to the

night to say that

the village and

were in a great

ment, expecting

attacked by a

village. It was a dark

the hard-worked Staff Officer

blankets, rush up the hills,

all the guards and pickets to be on the alert.

night, however, passed away quietly enough and

nothing happened; and it transpired in the

morning, much to the disgust of our worthy

Staff Officer, that the whole village had been

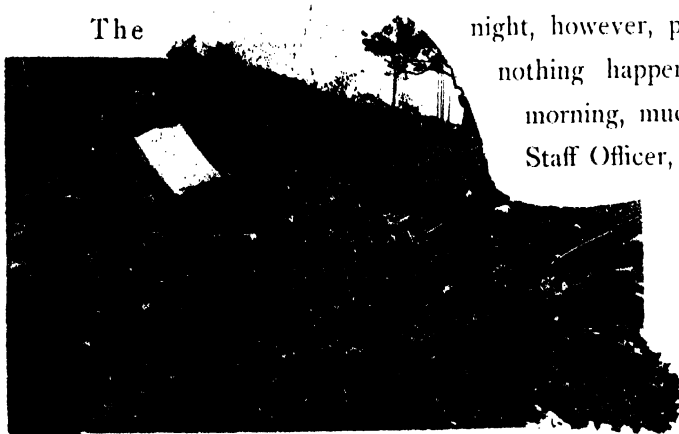
having a big drink, and the scare

had been evolved out of their

Yu-besotted imaginations!



ADDING-UP FOR



GETTING READY FOR THE MARCH.

THE PRAKASHA - 10-11-14
HIST. J. OF NATURAL
ANALYT

8579

THE IMAGE OF WAR ; OR, SERVICE ON THE CHIN HILLS.

Undressing for Bed.

It was very unpleasant tearing ourselves away from the genial glow of the fire. Most of us dreaded changing into our night things in our cold tents, so our servants brought the things to the fire and warmed them.

When it was time for bed, we changed into them, and then made a rush for our tents and

tumbled into our blankets, where we often shivered through the night, if our tents let in the cold blast—as they often did, if one had not taken the precaution of piling up leaves and grass all round them or throwing up a small embankment or earthwork,

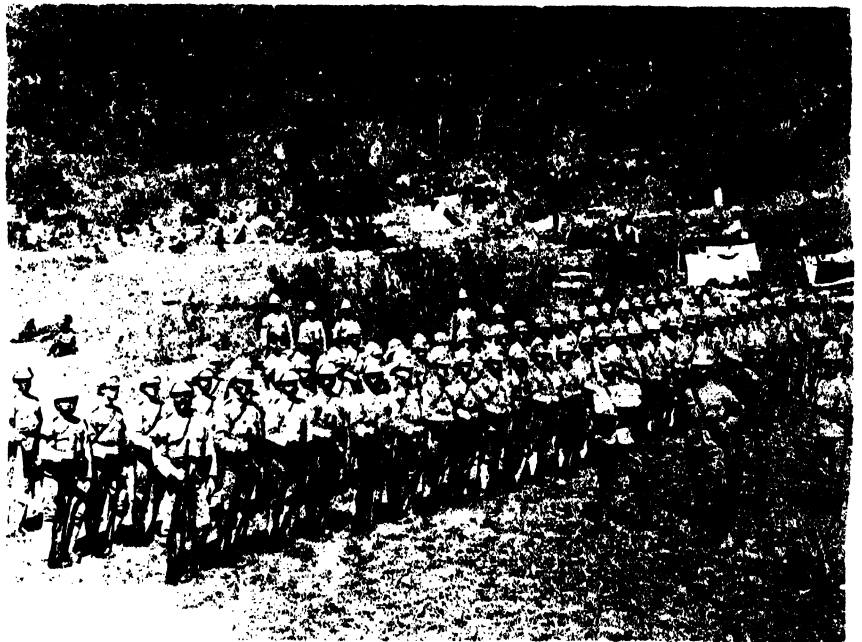


THE 5TH BENGAL MOUNTAIN BATTERY HALTED ABOVE FALAM.

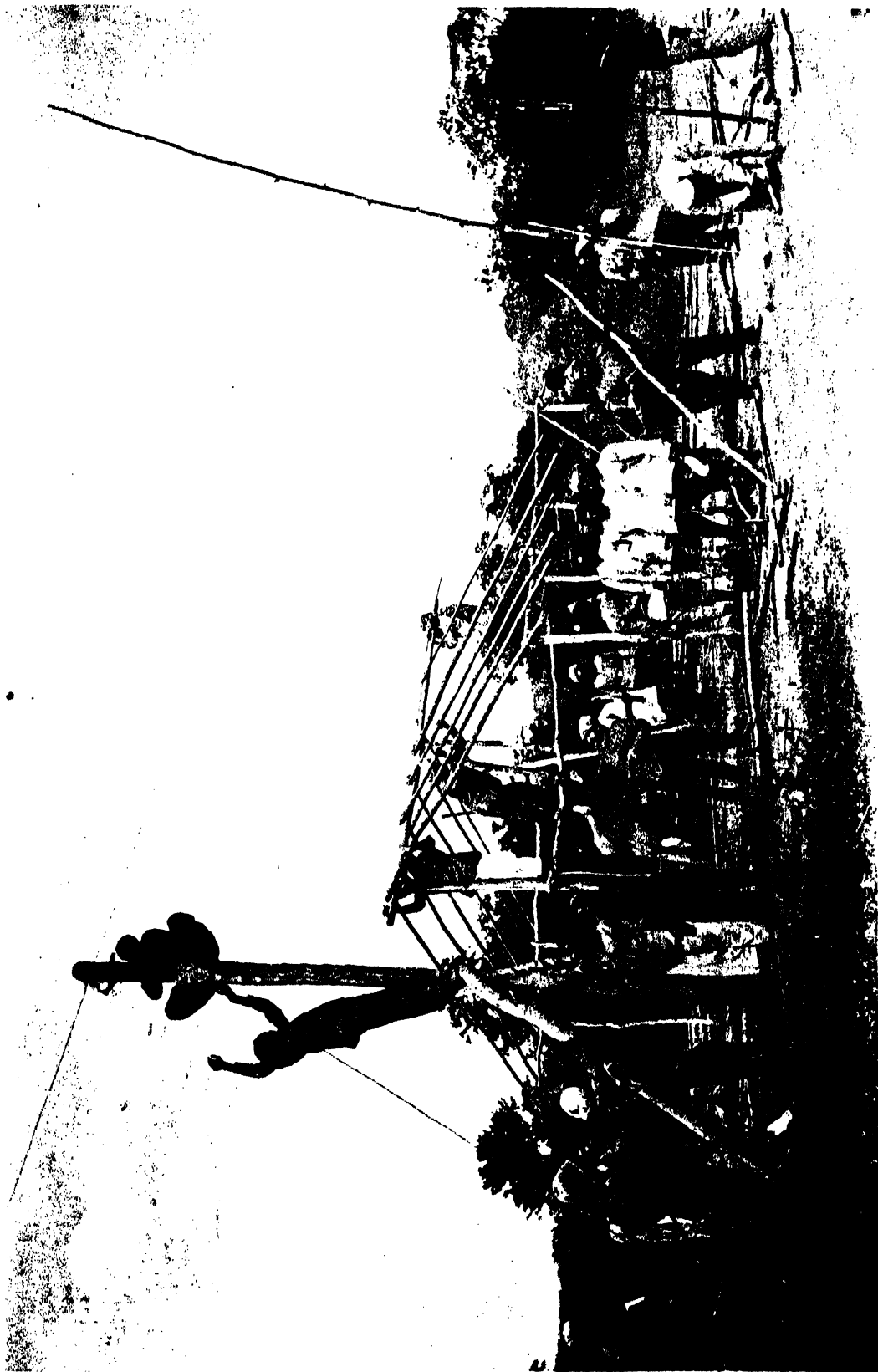
as one officer was very expert in doing.

Shows how some People cannot Sleep.

A hard day's work, as a rule, produces a good night's sleep ; but there are some funny people who cannot sleep after a certain hour in the morning. One such always shouted for his servant at an early hour, the moment he awoke. This call, regularly piercing



KING'S ROYAL RIFLES READY FOR THE MARCH.



THE 4TH MALUKAS PIONEERS AT WORK.

THEY ARE BUILDING A BRIDGE.

the morning air, was as good as the bugler's "rouse." Most of us found it so, and thought the bugle-call later on quite superfluous. Another sleepless warrior we had too. He usually awoke with the lark, or earlier, and in the intervals of shouting and swearing at his boy for being late with his early tea and "*chupatties*," he treated us to snatches of melody in various keys.

We have a Pestilence of Dogs.

Dogs
a b u n d a n c e.
between our legs
and when you
tent at night,
found a few of
dogs snugly en-
your blankets.
hounk them out
a moment; but
be put off in that
night you would
them in your
perhaps they
and, as soon as
they would again
on you; and all
would dream
like another
carrying the
some part of



A HALT: OFFICERS HAVING BREAKFAST.

had with us in
They usually got
on the march;
reached, your
you usually
your friends'
sconced within
To swear at and
was the work of
they were not to
way, for next
be sure to find
tent again, or
would grow bold,
you fell asleep,
crawl in and lie
night long you
that somehow,
Atlas, you were
Chin Hills on
your body,

though you could not tell which; and in the morning you would wake up to find that you had not been troubled with a nightmare, as you thought, from indulging too freely in those thick slices of frozen bulli-beef and rum, but that it was those

infernal dogs of your friends. Sometimes they fought and barked at night, as is their wont, and caused general irritation, but it was too cold for anyone to rush after them with sticks. We could only throw boots or other handy missiles at them, but they kept well out of reach as a rule.



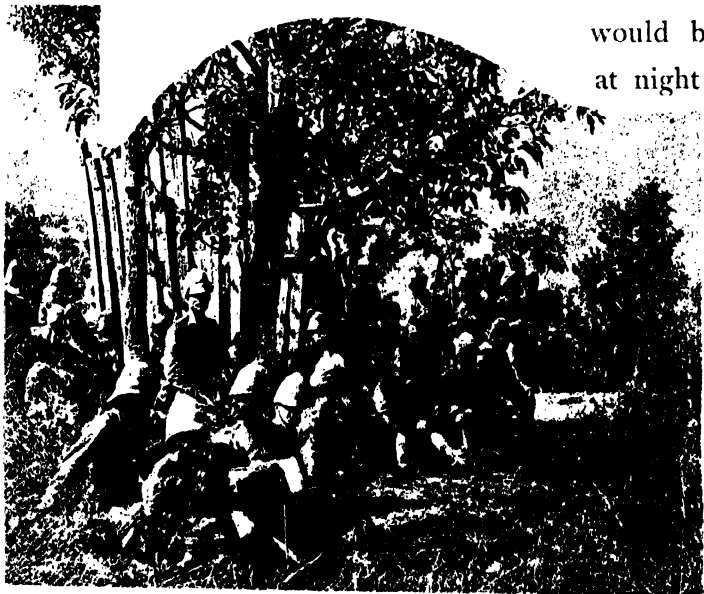
ON THE MARCH :
FIVE MINUTES HALT AT A STREAM TO DRINK.

The Dog Snores.

One officer had a huge dog, which shared his tent with him. At night loud sounds, like strong, healthy human snoring, always proceeded from that tent ; but the occupant always would have it that it was the dog that made the noise. But "we had our doubts," as the Chin Chiefs remarked, when we told them that we had come into their country solely for their own good.

A nocturnal Mule gives trouble.

Sometimes a mule would come strolling around, knocking up against our tents, or, perhaps, upsetting a few, and causing great excitement among our canine friends. And till that rampaging beast was captured and tethered again there was no peace for us ; for you never knew when he might



would break
at night and

FIVE MINUTES HALT AFTER A STIFF CLIMB.



IN CAMP: THE PROVOST MARSHAL AT WORK.
Thacker, Speck & Co., Calcutta.

not come charging up against your tent and putting his gentle foot down on some tender part of your body.

Our Servants become noisy.



ADVANCE GUARD HALTED TO LET REST OF COLUMN CLOSE-UP
BEFORE ENTERING VILLAGE.

Servants are a most garrulous lot, especially the old ones. They would sit up around the fire, after their masters had retired, and suck and gurgle away at their *hubble-bubbles*, and talk and talk between whiles, till some irate *sahib*, who could stand it no longer, would shout and swear at them; and then, with a pious exclamation regarding the irritability of the *sahib*, they would roll themselves in their blankets and tumble off to sleep.

The Dhoolie-bearer begins to cough.

When these, at last, became silent, the dhoolie-bearers would begin wheezing and coughing—and always to wait quiet, and began. If a very bad a long wheeze, it sure to a *kahar*, to lay him-prolonged and he cess by

they beat anyone at this. They appeared till everything had become perfectly



A HALT: KING'S ROYAL RIFLES AND FRIENDLIES.

then they you heard whine, and drawn-out was pretty come from He seems self out for a good fit when he begins, helps on the pro-sucking deeply of

his *hubble-bubble*. It is a fine art with these people; a cough and a wheeze that rise in intensity gradually, and, when the climax of enjoyment is reached, the paroxysm ends with a long-drawn sigh of "*Ram ! Ram !*"

So we always kept people of such peculiar long way off, if possible. But often, on account of the limited space, we were all crowded together, and then the wheezy followers' enjoyment would be cut short at intervals by the stentorian "*chuprao ! you sir-r !*" from the *sahibs'* neighbouring tents.

The Coolies are Musical.

The Gurkha coolies woke about one or two o'clock in the morning, and began cooking their food at that early hour. They could not sleep

for the cold, and no doubt preferred sitting round the fire. Some would often break out into song, accompanied by a monotonous drubbing on a

THE BHISTI ON HIS ROUNDS.



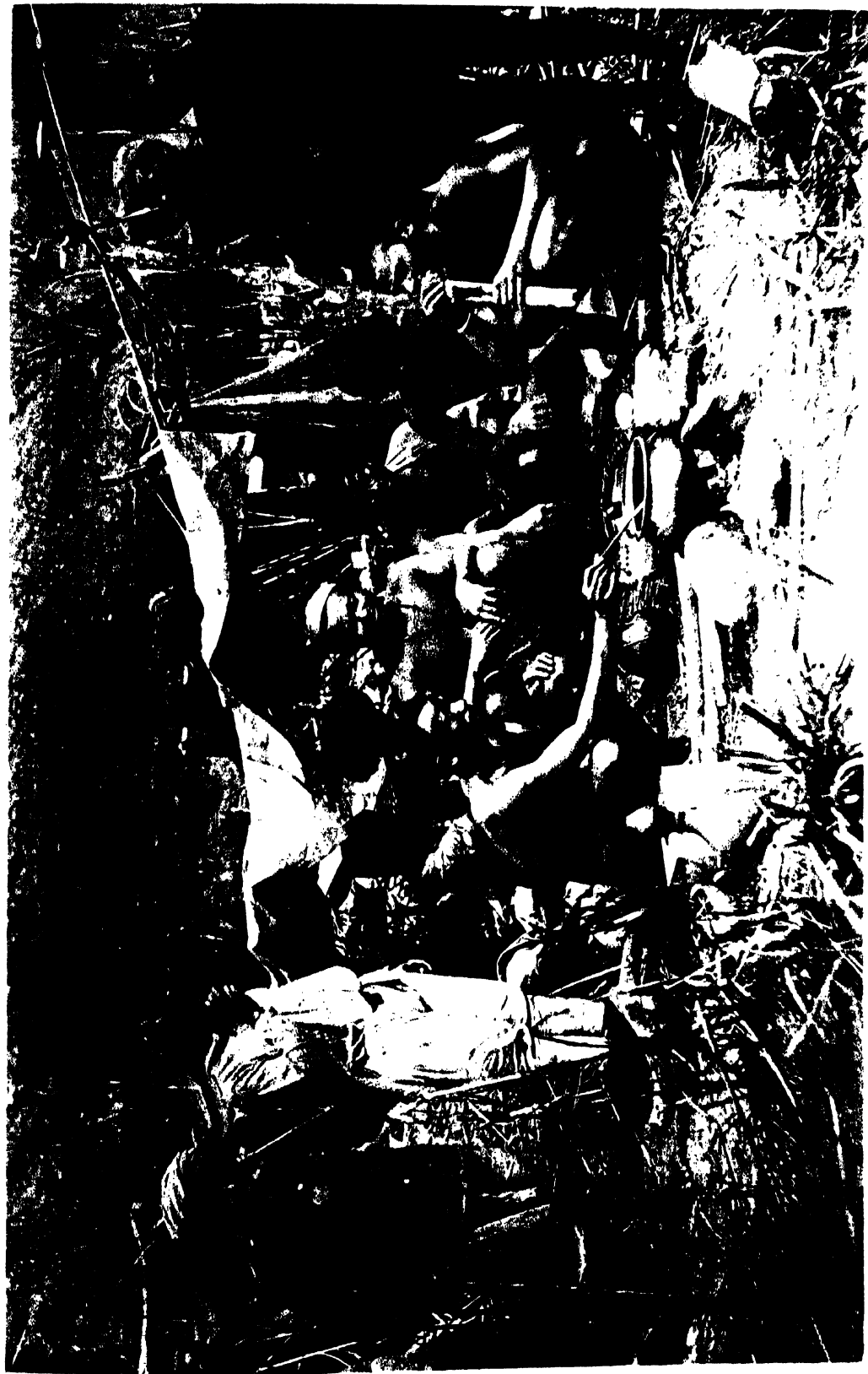
habits a
count
to-



KING'S ROYAL RIFLES COOKING THEIR DINNERS.

early concerts were apparently not appreciated by the *sahibs*, for a shout would presently come from one tent for the "*budmashes to chuprao !*" The coolies would wait a minute or two, and resume their music when they thought the *sahibs* had gone off to sleep

again. But again would come the "*chuprao ! you b—s !*" from several tents,

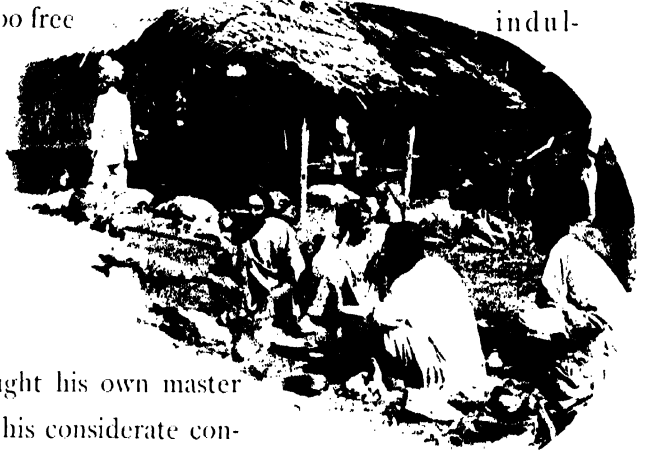


THE COOLIES' CAMP-FIRE.
Thacker, Shor & Co. Collection.

and the poor musically-inclined coolies would have to desist, wondering why the *sahibs* should be so irritable and unappreciative of early morning song.

Our Servants get Tippy.

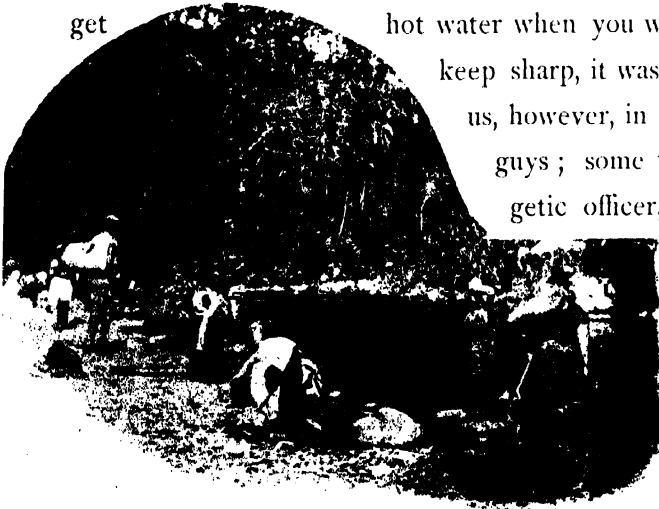
Our servants, sometimes from too free indulgence in their masters' rum or whisky bottles, became tipsy; and though it was annoying enough to the man whose spirits had disappeared, it very often afforded us much amusement. One servant argued that he did not drink his master's rum, but some other *sahib's*, and he therefore thought his own master ought not to grumble in return for this considerate conduct of his!



Our servants were also particular in the company they kept. They had their own sets, and when one set succeeded in stealing or eating or drinking more than another set, there was a row, in which we were often called upon to interfere.

We Renounce Shaving.

Shaving on the march being too much of a grind, especially as you could never get hot water when you wanted it and your razor refused to keep sharp, it was not generally practised. Most of us, however, in our scrubby beards, looked terrible guys; some were positively awful! One energetic officer, however, was not to be denied



his morning shave. There you saw him regularly sitting before his tent, with a rug wrapped round him, shivering in the freezing cold and scraping away at his chin with the greatest

enjoyment. It must have been a blunt razor too, for the grating it produced could be heard in all our tents.

We Clip our Hair.

Hair-brushing, too, was a superfluous luxury, so most of us had our heads clipped down to the skin with mule shears. It did not improve our appearance, but, on the contrary, we looked remarkably like a batch of released convicts. However, it was comfortable, though decidedly cold at night. One officer revelled in the delights of a nightcap, and he did not mind; but the rest of us, who had come unprepared for this contingency, had to sleep in our forage-caps. If clippers were not available, the company-barber (either European or native) performed

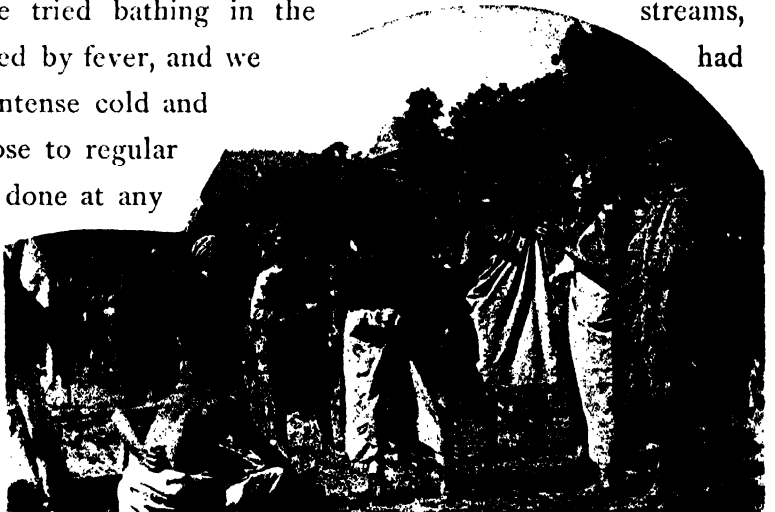


IN CAMP: WAITING FOR SOMETHING TO EAT.

on us with equal success.

We abandon Tubbing—Shocking!

Our bathing arrangements were primitive, and generally done in our basin or pony-buckets. At first we tried bathing in the streams, but this was always followed by fever, and we had to give it up. With the intense cold and other drawbacks, no one rose to regular tubbing. It could not be done at any price; and "when you cannot do what you will, you must do what you can;" that is, we did without it, like our friends the Chins, except



IN CAMP: POLITICAL OFFICER HAVING FRIENDLY CHAT WITH HIS FRIENDLIES.

when we halted at a place for a day or two and were able to rig up a ba place.

Our Kit becomes ragged.

With our 40 lbs. of kit, it was not much in the way of clothing one could carry about. Hard wear and kit to a ragged condition, after the day's we lay about under someone entering his tattered manner that done credit to establishment. When there was a halt, our general washing reduced our ragged to a further state of raggedness.



STAFF OFFICER PAYING CHIN COOLIES.

tear soon reduced our scanty tion. It was not unwork was done and the trees, to see gaged in patchgarments in a would have any tailoring. When there servants had a up, which usually ged belongings

Our Boots.

With the hard marching, our boots soon came to grief -much sooner than we had bargained for.

shoe - leather
ferred
clothed



IN CAMP: A QUIET CHAT BEFORE DINNER.

Many of us were reduced to investing in from followers who preclimbing hills with unfect. A collection of our boots, at the end of the operations, would have been a curious sight.

Our "tout ensemble."

And so, clothed in torn, toil-stained garments, with unkempt scrubby beards and convict-cropped heads, with your pedal extremities in shreds of boots, and

your manly legs enveloped in frayed *putties*, even your most familiar friends would have failed to recognise you.

Our Marches.

18579.

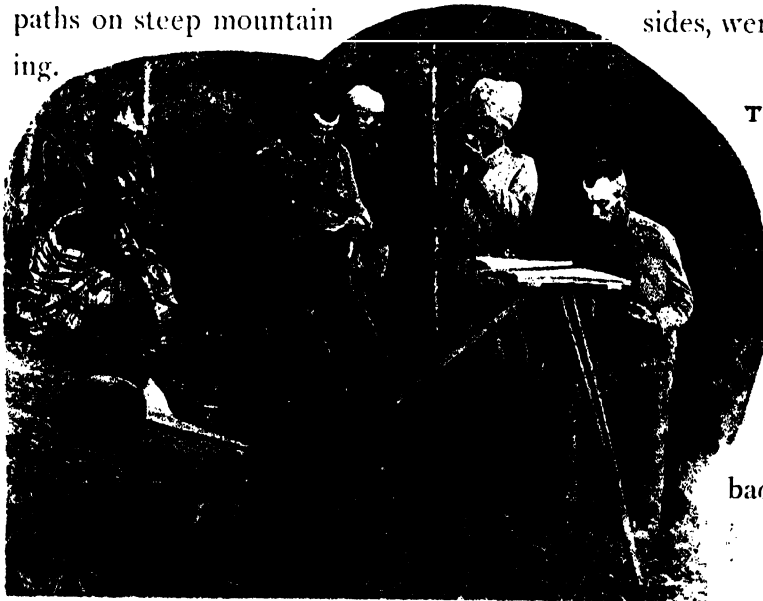
Owing to the dark, damp, misty mornings the day's march rarely began before 7 or 8 o'clock. Everything start a quarter of an hour one had partaken of a sub-march began; but the owing to the many ranges climbed and the bad frequent halts to enable the paths practicable for mules. In many places zig-zagged all the way fallen trees had to be entailed much hard and everyone. Even to



IN CAMP: DISCUSSING THE POLITICAL SITUATION.

was packed and ready for the or so previously, and every-stantial meal. Then the progress was slow, of hills that had to be paths. There were the Pioneers to make the transport or the gun-a new path had to be up a steep hill, or huge cleared away. All this continuous work on

those who had nothing to do on such occasions, the long halts, cramped up as everyone was on narrow paths on steep mountain sides, were very wearying and fatiguing.



INTELLIGENCE OFFICERS AT WORK.

The Mules fall down the "khuds."

In spite of every precaution many mules, especially the battery animals, fell over the *khuds*, and some were killed outright or were so badly damaged that they had to be shot. Many had wonderful escapes.



A HALT: GITHWALLE AND COOLIES.
TANKER, SPIKE & CO. PATENT.

When we got into the bad hilly country, these accidents were constantly happening—that is, falling down the *khuds*. Some obstinate mules, like Old Father William, “did it again and again.” But by constant practice some had become so expert, that they managed to pick themselves up in some very hairy places in a most astonishing manner, without sustaining the least damage. One animal we saw drop down 40 feet on to a mass of rocks. We thought he was killed; but presently he got up and shook himself, and, when he was brought up to the path again, he was found to have been hurt in no way.

Mule Stories.

Talking of mules, our artillery officer often told us curious stories about them—all quite true, of course. “Once,” he said,

“we were out for a

route-march. One of

the mules suddenly

got stuck hard and

fast in a bit of a

morass. We

pulled and tug-

ged at him, but

devil an inch

could he be

moved. At

last we lashed

on ropes and

put the whole

battery on to

him, and after

an hour's hard

work the mule

suddenly shot

out of the mud

with a loud ole-

aginous sort of

smack; and on

examining the

place to ascer-

tain how the

beast had become stuck so firmly, a leech was found at the bottom of the mud,

and he had been holding on to the mule all the time!” “On another occasion

the mules were out grazing, and one suddenly disappeared in a deep swampy pool.

To give the alarm and obtain assistance to pull the animal out occupied an hour

or so. When the rescue party arrived, they could see the animal several feet

below the water, at the bottom of the pool, fast in the mud up to his chest. They

thought he must be dead; but no, he was not! Not to waste his time, however,

he was quietly nibbling away at the weeds and things that grew around him



WAITING FOR THE ORDERS OF THE DAY.

at the bottom of the pool. When he heard the footfalls of his rescuers, he simply raised his head and moved his ears backwards and forwards, but showed no other emotion, and so he waited quietly till his deliverers were able to haul him out. This story beautifully illustrates the patient spirit of the mule under adversity!"

Refreshments on the March.

Everyone carried cooked food of some kind or description in his haversack. This he munched as he went along or ate during some of the many halts that occurred. If, however, no long halt had been made, previously one for twenty min-utes or half-an-hour was allowed between 11 and 12 o'clock.



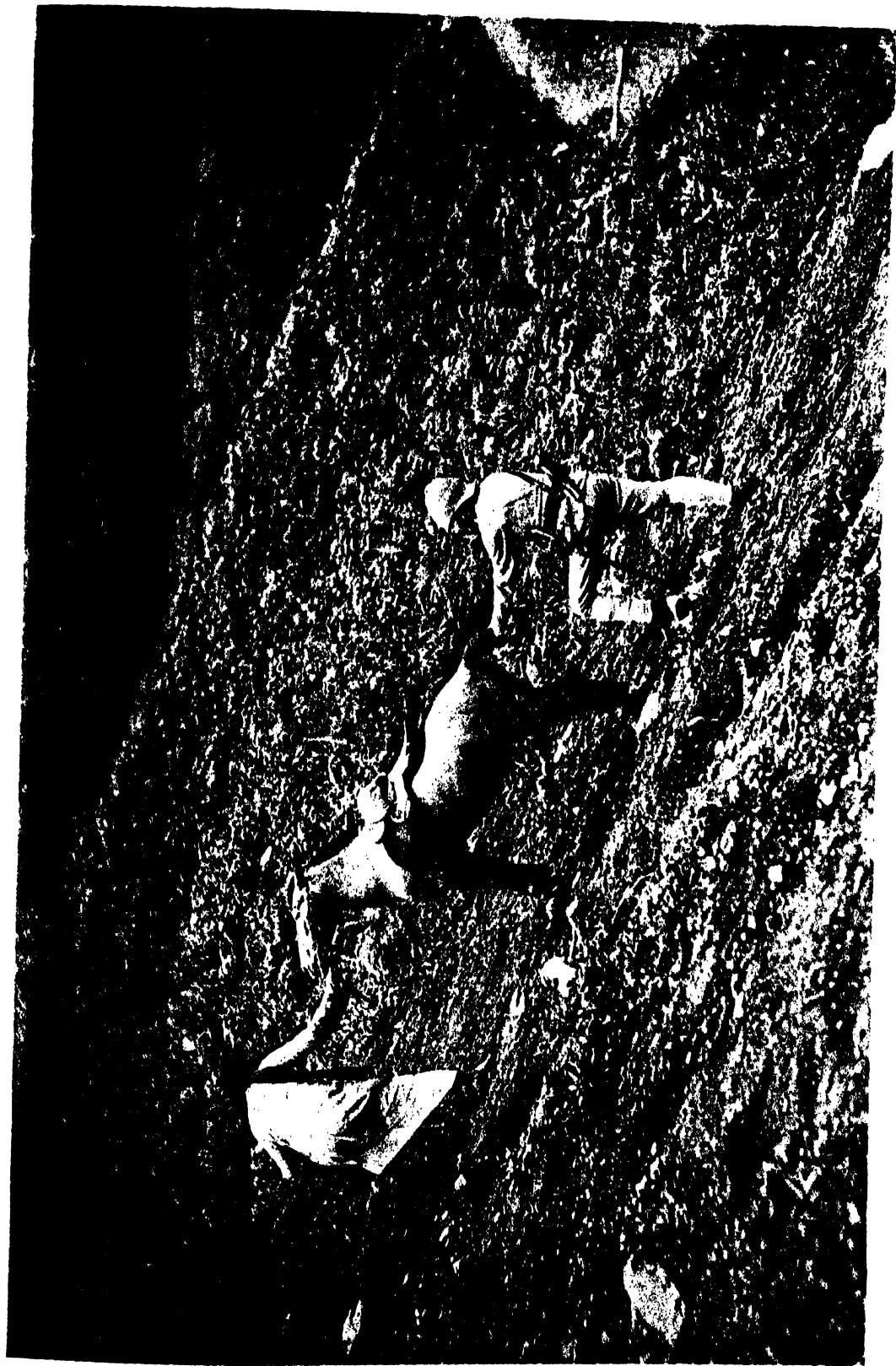
A CAMP PICKET.

The Best Way to Climb a Hill.

Most of the officers had ponies, and it is certainly much nicer getting up a hill on a pony's back, if it can be done, than on one's own pins. However, there were many places where this could not be done. The next best thing was to hang on to your pony's tail. It might not have been a dignified way of climbing a hill, but it helped you to keep your wind, and, when you reached the top of the hill, you could talk, while the others around you gasped for breath and, for the life of them, could not utter a word.

Arrival in Camp.

The camp was usually reached in the afternoon. All of us were then very busy with our various duties; some telling off sites, others looking after their men, or posting the usual sentries and pickets, or issuing the orders for the day.



HOW TO CLIMB A MOUNTAIN!

Thacker, Syjak & Co., Calcutta.

These and many other details of camp life keep us all engaged for some time. The Political Officer is busy receiving deputations of Chins ; and then, the safety and cleanliness of the camp

gradually settle down.

trooping in an hour up by the rear-wood is gather-camp-fires are presently our us hot cups of which, under the indeed grateful and



being duly provided for, we

The coolies come or so later, brought guard. The ed and the lighted, and servants bring tea or cocoa, circumstances, are comforting.

ON THE MARCH : SICK OFFICER RESTING.

The Rear-guard has a Bad Time of it.

On a few occasions when the marches were long and the paths very bad, and there were many weary hills to climb and water was scarce, the rear-guard and coolies did not reach camp till long past midnight. Some of the dhoolie-bearers would fall down the *khud* in the dark, or some of the coolies would get lost and would be brought in days after by friendly Chins, or a few sepoys would miss the



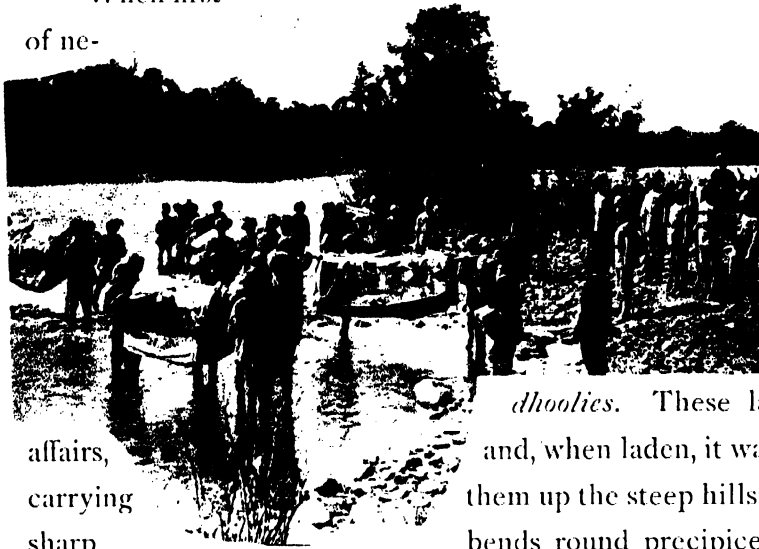
way in the darkness and fall asleep in the jungle. Relief parties with lighted pine-wood torches would have to be sent out to light the belated ones into camp. On such occasions the officer commanding the rear-guard had a very unpleasant time of it. Indeed, after the first

THE FIELD HOSPITAL : THE MEDICAL OFFICER'S VISIT.

experience, he always provided himself with candles, food, blankets, and a flask full of whisky or rum, to be prepared for all contingencies. Experiences such as these, however, were happily not the rule. The rear-guard usually arrived in camp in good time.

The "dhoolies" and "Kahars."

When first
of ne-



BRINGING SICK ACROSS A RIVER.

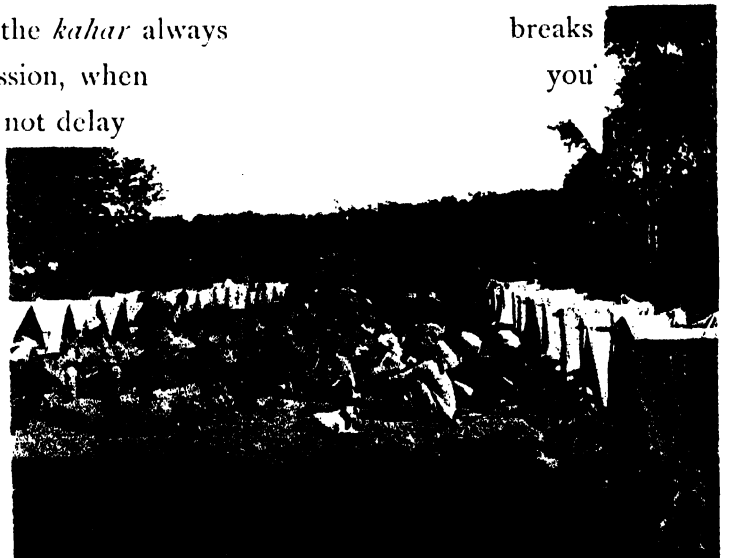
affairs,
carrying
sharp
made

a feeble lot, went sick in large numbers, and added to the difficulties. When there is any hard work to be done the *kahar* always breaks down. His favourite expression, when request him to "*chulo*" and not delay the column, is, "I am dying!" Whenever you meet a party of *kahars*, they whine this dirge at you—"We are all dying." But it becomes monotonous, and not only fails to rouse the pity in your bosom it is intended to excite, but it

advancing into the hills we had, necessity, to camp in the deadly valleys at the foot of the hills, and here the troops and followers contracted much sickness. Men were constantly falling out on the march and had to be carried in the

dhoolies. These latter were heavy cumbrous and, when laden, it was a matter of much difficulty them up the steep hills with narrow paths that took bends round precipices and slippery spurs. This the progress very slow. The bearers, themselves

breaks
you



CAMP OF THE DHOOLIE-BEARERS.



GETTING PHOOLIE UP A STIFF BIT OF MOUNTAIN.

Thacker, Spink & Co., Calcutta.

absolutely makes one very angry after a time. On arrival in camp the dying ones are as noisy as jackdaws, and snarl and wrangle over their *ghce* and *lotas*, and other equally important matters.

Our Jungle Camp.

Sometimes we had to camp in dark, dense jungles, where the air was stagnant and heavy, and where we had to cut down the trees to let in the light and air. Some of the camps were very bad ; but there was no help for it. We could not go to the top of the mountain, away from the water, neither could we camp up the hill-side—usually as steep as a church-steeple ; so we had to keep to the streams below. Once well into the hills, the camps were on good sites—chiefly on the hill-slopes, near villages.

damp,
air



V IN THE BOUNGSHAY COUNTRY.

The Bounghshay Country.

In the Bounghshay country the valleys are very narrow, and covered for the most part with dense jungle. The mountains rise to great heights. One range the troops went over was above 9,000 feet. Pine forests are not plentiful. The summits of the higher ranges are covered with dense oak-



A MOUNTAIN CAMP—BOUNGSHAY COUNTRY.

forests, from whose sombre branches hang in plenty long trailing lichen, and orchids are seen in great profusion. Generally above 4,000 feet red rhododendrons cover the hill sides. The

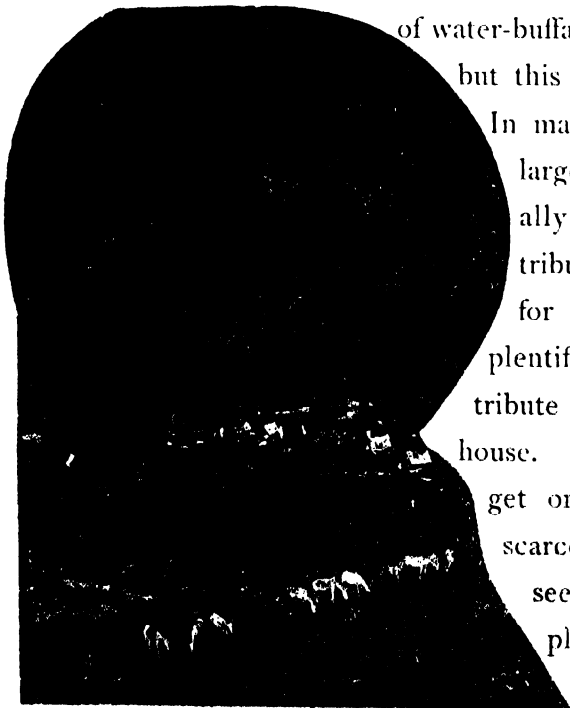
villages are few and far-between. The paths are chiefly goat-tracks, and go straight up or down the hills. There is, no doubt, abundance of game in the country. The Chiefs are all mighty hunters, and we found their houses museums of *shikar* trophies. The Chiefs have large herds of *mythun*,



CAMP NEAR SHURKWA.

which are usually allowed to roam the jungles. We also came across numbers of water-buffalo. They also have the ordinary cattle ; but this is the result of their raids into Burma.

In many of these southern villages there were large numbers of white hill-goats. Occasionally the Chins paid goats and *mythun* as tribute. This provided us with fresh meat for many days. Fowls and eggs were also plentiful, and paid in as tribute. The nominal tribute they had to pay was one rupee for each house. In most of the villages we were able to get oranges and plaintains. Vegetables were scarce—the only vegetable universally grown seems to be a variety of bean. In some places yams and sweet potatoes and pumpkins were also grown. Millet and Indian corn is the staple diet of the Chin. Pigs



A CAMP IN THE BOUNGSHAY COUNTRY.



POLITICAL OFFICER INTERVIEWING CHINESE.

THOMAS, SPARK & CO. CHINESE.

and pariah dogs abounded. Chins do not eat their dogs, as was at one time erroneously supposed ; but the pig is a tit-bit reserved for all festive and state occasions.

Klung-Klung Country.

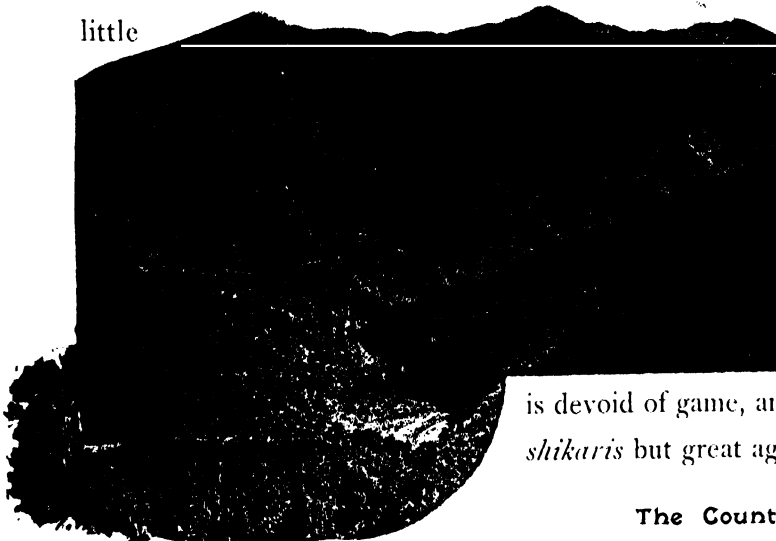
In the Klung-Klung country the valleys are broader and the hills not so high, but there is little undergrowth jungle, and the whole country abounds in beautiful pine forest, the air one breathes everywhere being delightfully fragrant and fresh.



TASHON COLUMN ENCAMPED AT EALAM.

Tashon Country.

Towards the north, in the Tashon country, the hills are very densely populated, and nearly the whole of the hill-sides have been cleared for cultivation. One meets with very little jungle anywhere, and so it is farther north. There are mighty hunters in the Klung-Klung country too, but owing to the clearing of the jungles and the densely populated valleys in the Tashon country, it is devoid of game, and the people are not great *shikaris* but great agriculturists.



THE HITE VAR VALLEY, UP WHICH THE BOUNGSHAY COLUMN ADVANCED.

The Country is Difficult.

Sometimes the country to be visited was

so difficult, that the guns and all animals had to be left behind at the base, and only the troops

made the ex-

climbing

occasions

rible ; of-

a case of

o n b y

lids," as

gant ex-

goes. One

b a c k

the Dawn

in the Klung-

try will never be

those who had to

about the worse

path in the whole of the Chin Hills, and that is saying a good deal. On each

side of this steep craggy ridge is a precipice of 3,000 or 4,000 feet, to look down

which made one feel

break-



THE GREAT SOUTHERN BEND OF THE "BOINU" (CHIEFTAIN'S BRIDE) ROUND THE "BOIPA" MOUNTAIN (THE CHIEFTAIN).

with coolies

pedition. The

on such

was ter-

ten it was

" holding

your eye-

the ele-

pression

r a z o r -

ridge on

Mountain

Klung coun-

forgotten by

climb it. It is

bit of mountain-

quite dizzy. The Chins call this

neck spot, "The place where the

dog fell down." It is the sort

of place Rider Haggard

might have conceived,

and up which some of his

bloodthirsty heroes might

have had to climb in

search of hidden treasure

or on some other bold adven-

ture.

We Receive Warlike Reports.

The reports at first



OUR FIRST VIEW OF THE BOINU RIVER BELOW SHURKWA VILLAGE.



DESCENDING A BAD BIT OF MOUNTAIN PATH: THE PAWN MOUNTAIN.

THAYER, SHANK & CO., OREGON.

received were always of a more or less warlike nature, and were generally to the tune that the more distant villages would strenuously resist the advance of troops into their country. But eventually peaceful councils prevailed everywhere and the troops were received in all directions in a friendly spirit. On one occasion only did we find that they had *panjgie*-d or spiked a place with



THE HIGHEST POINT REACHED BY THE BOUNGSHAY COLUMN, OVER 9,000 FEET.

sharp bamboos. We were, however, warned of this, and the only creature that suffered was an obstinate old mule who persisted in wandering off the path, and one of his feet was run through by a *panjgie* for his trouble. When a good



ENTRANCE TO SOUTHERN BOUNGSHAY VILLAGE

Samaritan of a Tommy did the animal a good turn by pulling out the spike, the ungrateful beast repaid his kindness by kicking him in the stomach. But, to be sure, there are others besides mules who display this virtue. There was, for instance, the Chin whom we treated with rum and other delicacies,

and who, before leaving camp, quietly walked off with one of our *kukries*. There



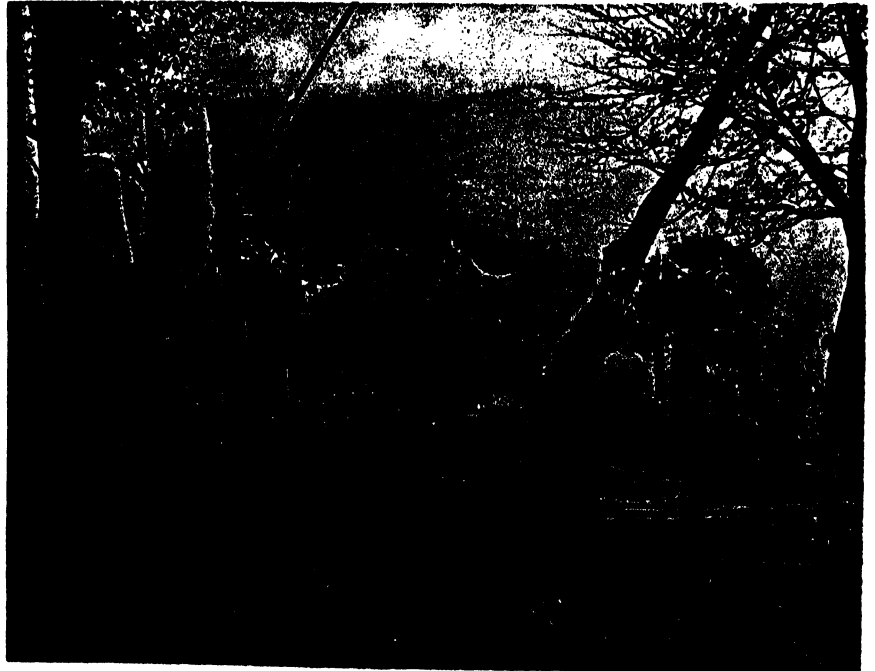
ENTRANCE TO A TASHON VILLAGE.

too was the *sahib*, who, having no matches himself, borrowed a box from his *syce* on the march, and then swore at the man because the matches would not light.

We are met by the Chiefs.

The Chiefs and principal men of the village the

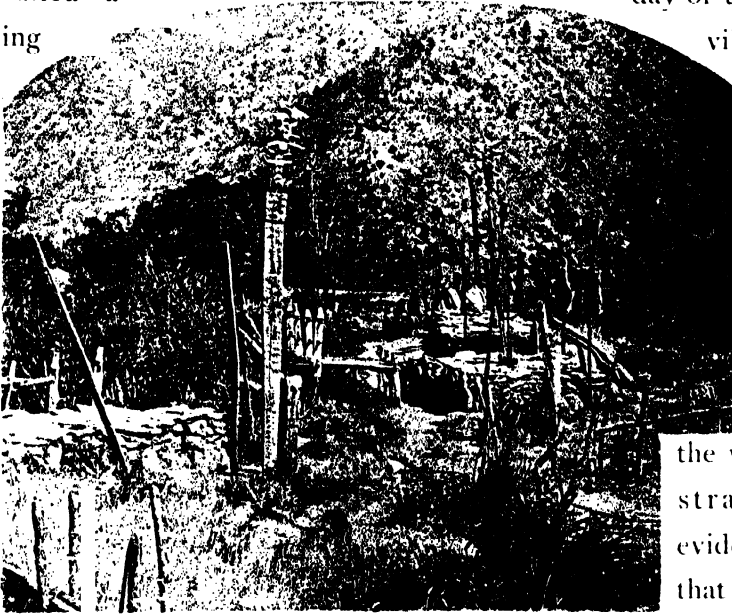
troops were marching for, always came out several miles with presents of fowls, eggs, oranges, and gourds full of *Yu*, to meet the column. Having given in their submission, they conducted the troops to their village, near which the camp would be pitched. Later on the Chiefs would come in and pay their tribute, and discuss matters with the Political Officer.



ENTRANCE TO A YAHOW VILLAGE.

Chiefs come in to submit.

If we halted a day or two, the Chiefs of surrounding villages that we had not been able to visit from various causes, would come in with their followers carrying the usual presents and give in their submission: and then go round and inspect the strangers' camp. The Chin evidently does not consider the wonders to be seen in the camp. Of these deputations kept coming and going all day times at night. Often they turned up in the morning, and sitting round the Political Officer's tent, they would shout, "Kapa! Kapa!" which being interpreted means, "O Father! O Father!" And they would keep on shouting till the "Father" gave them an audience. It was no use swearing at them. They did not understand that, and only "Kapa-d" you the louder. If an idea struck a Chin, and he wanted to impart it to the Political Offi-



A CHIN GRAVEYARD.



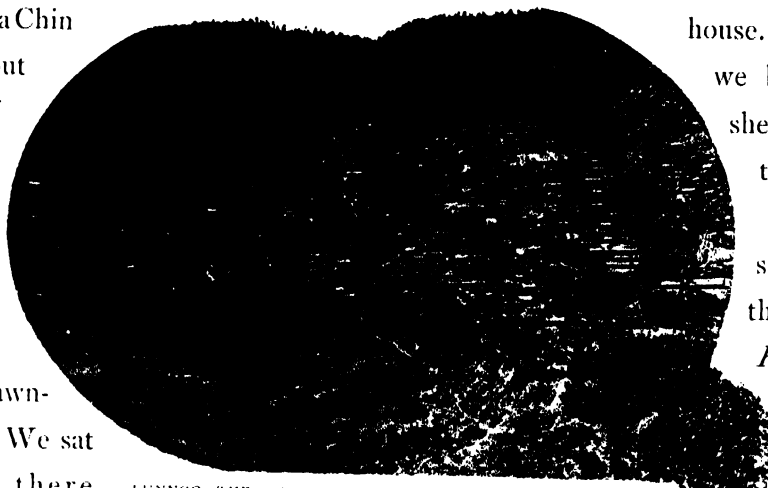
A CLUMP OF BAMBOOS AT AN ALTITUDE OF 6,000 FT. AT ENTRANCE TO A CHIN VILLAGE.

the wonders to be seen in the camp. Of these deputations kept coming and going all day times at night. Often they turned up in the morning, and sitting round the Political Officer's tent, they would shout, "Kapa! Kapa!" which being interpreted means, "O Father! O Father!" And they would keep on shouting till the "Father" gave them an audience. It was no use swearing at them. They did not understand that, and only "Kapa-d" you the louder. If an idea struck a Chin, and he wanted to impart it to the Political Offi-

him at once, no matter what the hour might be : midnight suited him just as well as dawn or mid-day.

A midnight visit.

On one occasion we were all asleep in the verandah of a Chin house. To keep the wind out we had tied a waterproof sheet across the front of the verandah. About midnight suddenly we were all startled by the familiar guttural tones. We sat up in our beds, and there we were a number of hideous Chin faces, with dishevelled hair, lit up by flaming pine-torches. They grinned at us and seemed to enjoy the situation. They were a deputation from a neighbouring village that had come in to submit. Owing to these little peculiarities of the Chin, we had to erect our tents well away from the Political Officer's ; otherwise we were never certain of our night's repose.



LUNNOO, THE SOUTHERNMOST VILLAGE VISITED BY THE BOUNGHSHAY COLUMN.



RAWYWA, THE MOST WESTERLY CHIN VILLAGE VISITED.

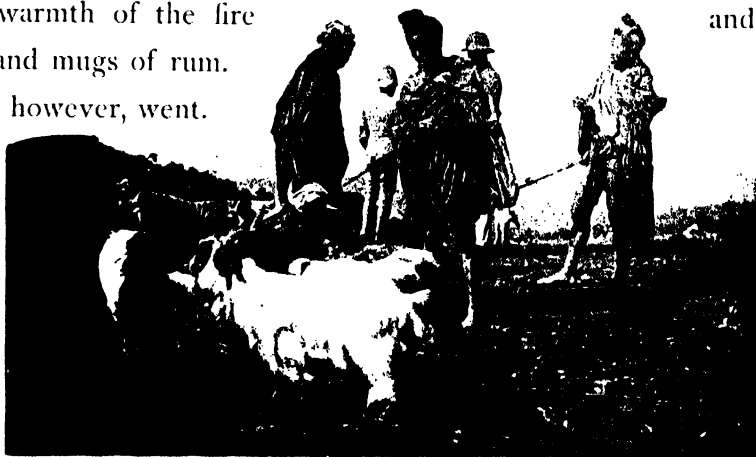
How we drank Yu at a Chief's house.

Perhaps a Chief would invite us to drink a friendly cup of Yu at his house. We remember one occasion of this kind. When the camp-fires were burning merrily all round and

throwing a cheerful glow on the groups round each, the Chief of the village came and invited us to his mansion. It was a cold night and some preferred the warmth of the fire and their post-prandial pipes and mugs of rum.

A few of the hardier ones, however, went.

The Chins formed a circle round a huge *Yu* jar, and the liquor had to be sucked out of the jar through a reed in the orthodox Chin fashion, the quantity each guest had to drink



GOATS BROUGHT IN AS TRIBUTE.

being marked by a piece of stick. Each guest had to suck away till the liquid reached a certain level. To the Chin "this was nothing new," as the mule said



HEAD-QUARTER CAMP AT MUNLIPI (KLUNG-KLUNG).

when it fell down the *khud* for the twentieth time. But it was a strain on the

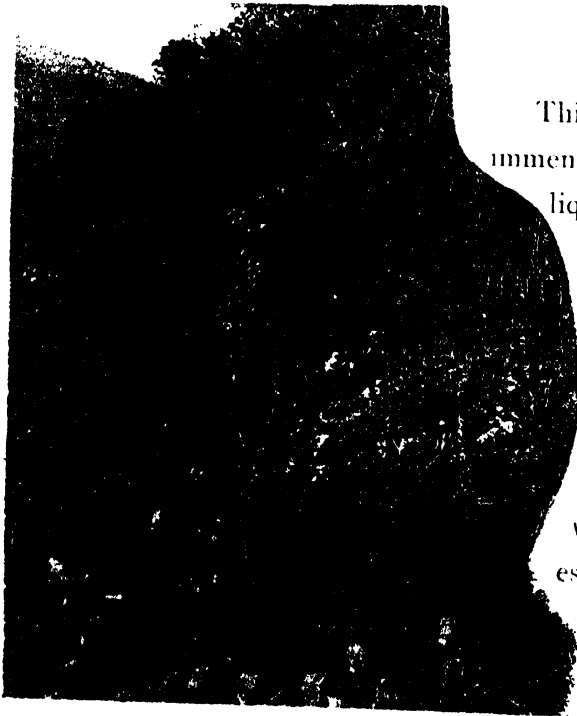
"*Boipas*" (Chin for *sahibs*), and some felt the effects of that mild debauch next day and the day after that.



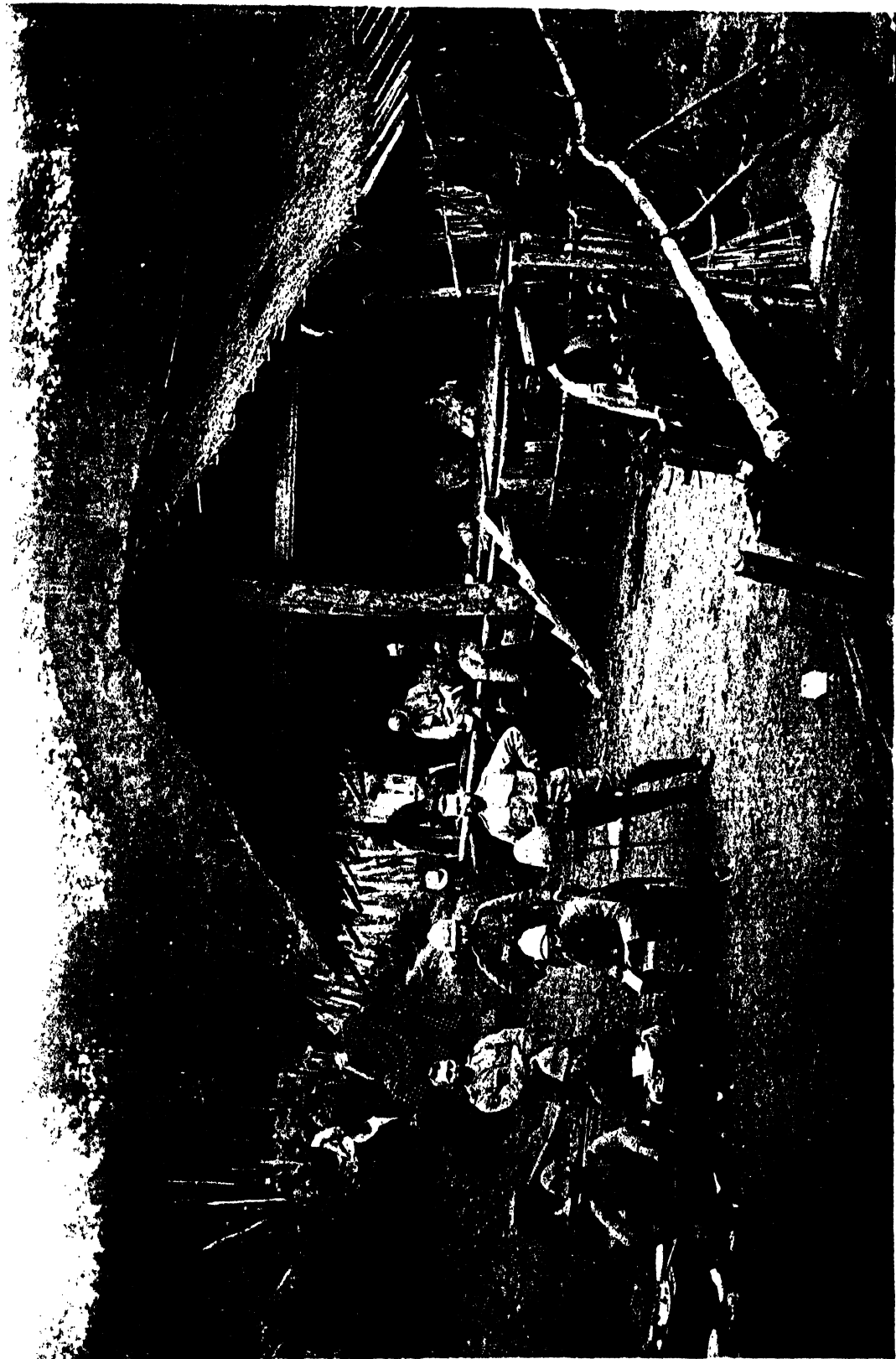
A MYTHUN PAID IN AS TRIBUTE.

Yu and its virtues.

This *Yu*, or Chin beer, varies in quality immensely. No two brews are alike. The liquor first drawn off is naturally much stronger than the subsequent liquid; for, as the beer sinks in the jar as it is drawn off through the reed, more and more water is added. This beer, when good, is not unlike inferior cider; at any rate it is refreshing and acceptable when you have nothing better to drink, especially after a long, weary, dusty march over many hills. After a time all of us took kindly to *Yu*, and, whenever a Chin deputation came in, the *Yu*



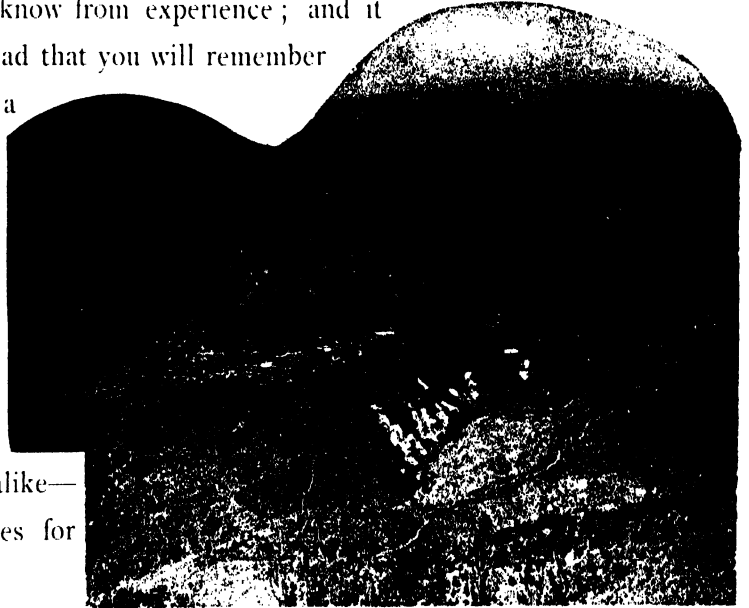
A STIFF CLIMB.



HEAD QUARTERS CAMP AT MUNLIP (KL'UNG-KLUNG).

Thayer, Smith & Co., California

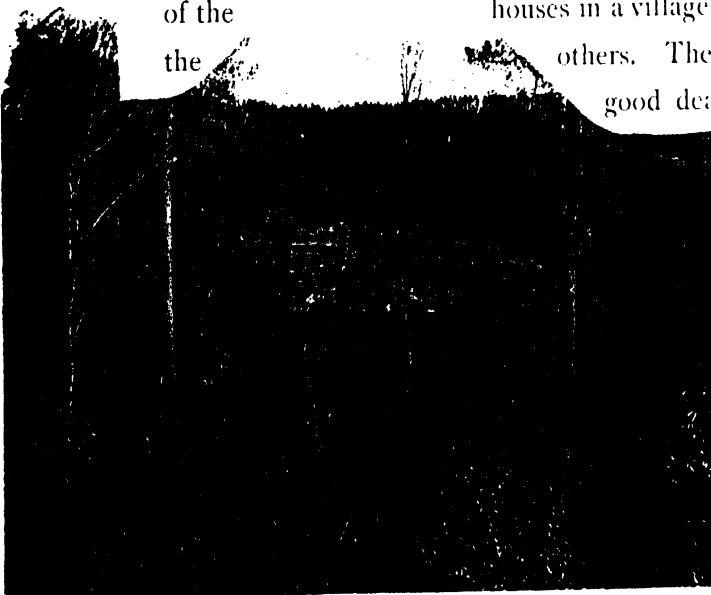
gourds were always in great request. It is intoxicating stuff too, if you imbibe too much of it, as some of us know from experience ; and it is capable of giving you a head that you will remember for many a day. This is a complaint not unknown even among the most veteran Chin toppers. They frequently came to our camp for medicine to cure their heads—but they put it down to fever ! Strange how we all—savage and civilized alike—try to find plausible excuses for our little failings.



VILLAGE OF KLUNG-KLUNG—CAPITAL OF THE TRIBE OF THE SAME NAME.

Rainy weather experiences.

When the weather was threatening or rainy, we usually occupied a portion of the houses in a village, the owners doubling up with the others. The houses, however, required a good deal of cleaning up before they were habitable. A Chin house is usually chock-full of rubbish of all kinds, chiefly huge wicker-baskets. Then a plank or two have to be taken out of the sides to let in the light and air : for there are no windows in a Chin house, which is perfectly dark inside. The roof and walls are black



VILLAGE OF MUNLIPI (KLUNG-KLUNG).

with cobwebs and to the general inside of a is not a place, is lively for it swarms min of all pigs and *my*-the house. The the fowls and dogs with the humans.



smoke and add gloom. The Chin house cheerful though it enough, usually with ver-sorts. The *thun* live under little piggies and share the house

THE TAO GAP ; OR THE PASS BETWEEN CHIN AND LUSHAILAND THROUGH WHICH THE ROAD PASSES.

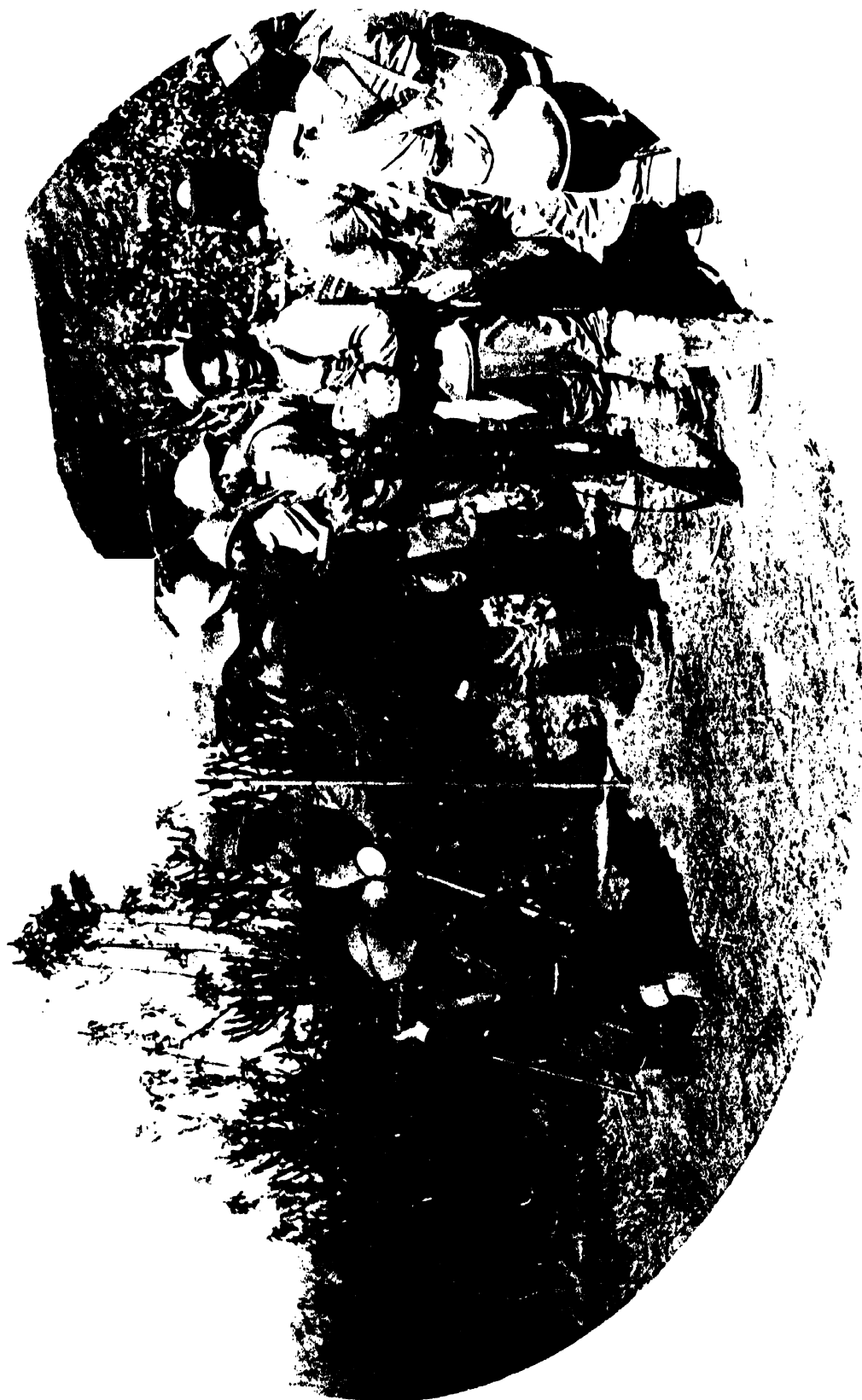
The Baby cries.

The verandah is the best part of the house and we usually slept in it, leaving



THE TAO MOUNTAIN.

the family undisturbed in the rest of the house. But they had not the same consideration for us ; for about two or three o'clock in the morning the baby



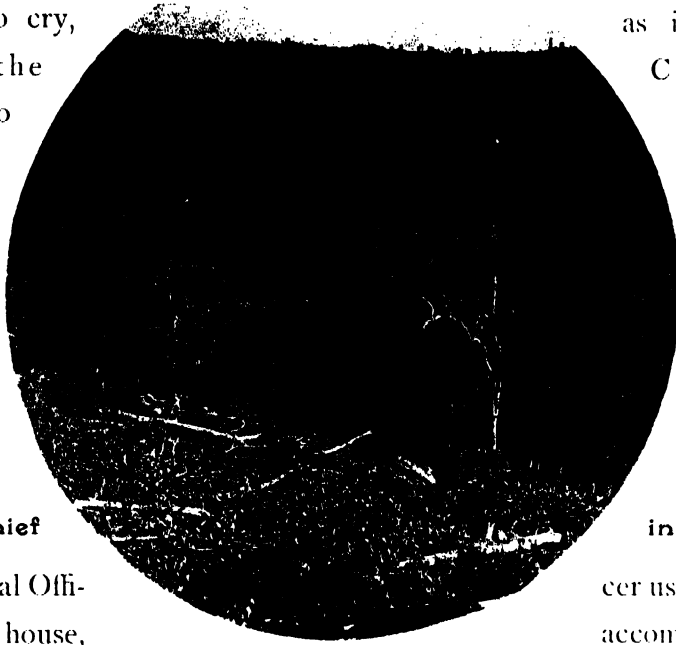
MEETING OF THE TWO COLUMNS AT TAO: SENDING OFF THE NEWS BY HELIO.

The New York & Co. Gallery.

would begin to cry, 'babies, and the would try to ing what was Chin lullaby, what sound—a dismal certainly put sleep, what—might have had

We visit a Chief

The Political Officer usually visits every Chief in his house, accompanied by one or two officers, with a small escort of sepoy and a party of friendlies. Let me picture such a scene.



A JHOM, OR CHIN CLEARING FOR CULTIVATION.

as is the wont of Chin mamma quiet it by singing what was meant for a no doubt, but ed to us like croaking and an end to our ever effect it on the baby.

in his house.

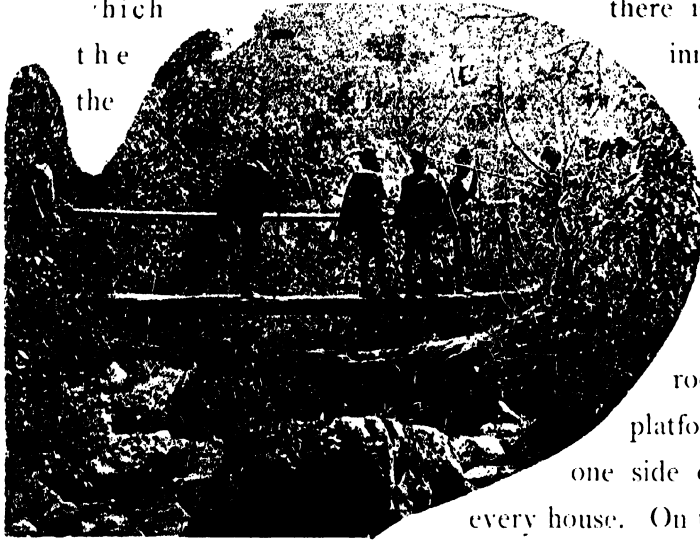
On entering the house the party is followed by a crowd of odorous Chins, who troop in from the neighbouring houses, some smoking strong smelling rank tobacco in long bamboo pipes. A Chin house usually contains three large rooms. The first is a sort of sitting-room, open in front, where



THE BLUE MOUNTAIN.

guests are received. The walls of this room are usually decorated with trophies

of the hunt and of raids. The second is the sleeping-room, in one corner of which there is a large fire-place round which inmates sleep: and the third is an apartment where all the cooking is done, and where the family generally lives. These rooms open into one another by round holes with a kind of sliding-door to close each. To enter the front room you have to ascend a raised platform which occupies the whole of one side of the enclosed yard in front of every house. On this raised platform or balcony the family sit during the day to talk, work, sleep, or



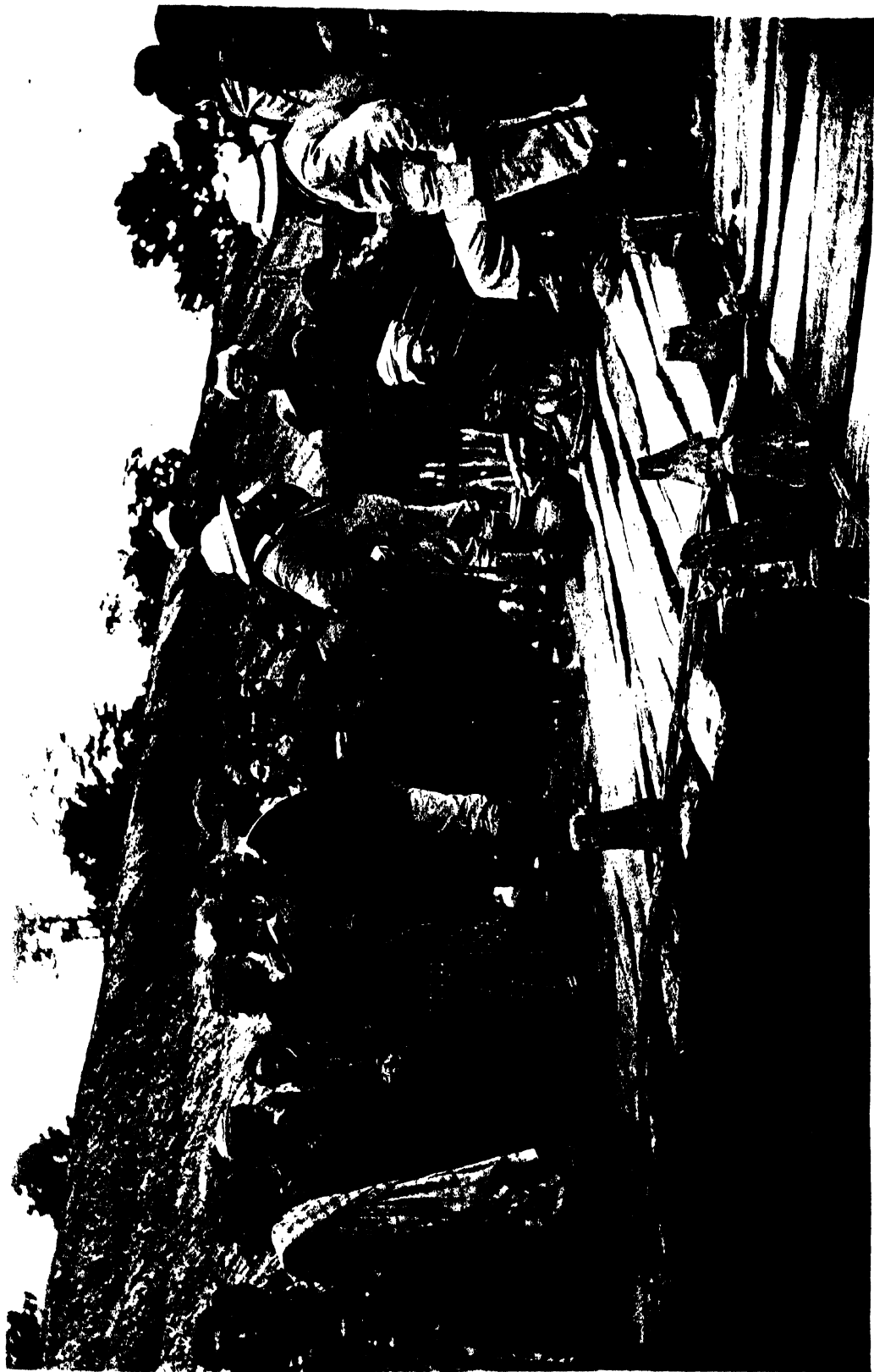
A CHIN BRIDGE

drink *Yn*. The ground the pigs and cattle are thick black mire, and often not much better. This the Chins are In the front yard the raid-trophies erects when he successful foray. A looked upon as a in war. They the V.C.'s of our trophies consist board which is fixed into the driven into the boos are attached to drooping ends of the rudely shaped emblems



WITH THE ADVANCE-GUARD: "DUSHMEN HAI, SAHIB!"

beneath the house, where kept, is churned into the yard in front is ter. In spite of all a very healthy race, you will observe that every Chin has made a successful raid trophy is badge of prowess correspond to army. These of a rudely carved ed to some uprights ground. Long bamboo the posts, and from the bamboos are suspended of birds and reptiles and



WE VISIT A CHIN CHIEF: OUR RECEPTION.

Tracker, Sp. R. N. Co., California.

other strange things. When the wind sweeps up the mountain-side, the bamboos sway about and these wooden devices strike against one another, and at night they sound like the rattling of dead

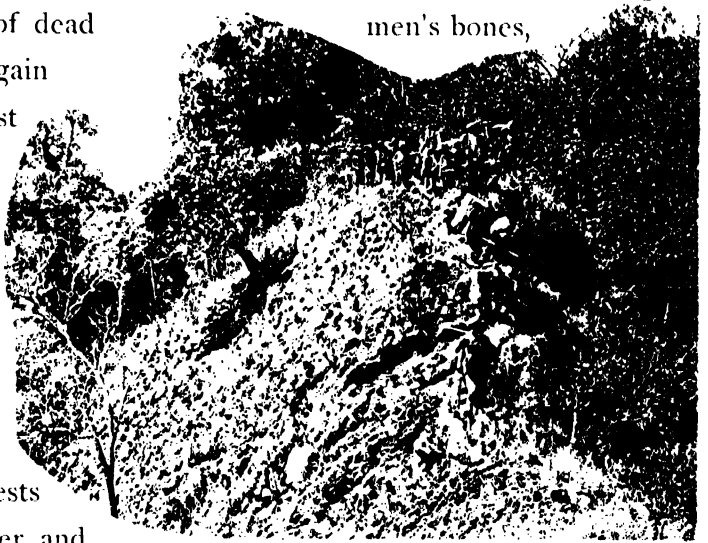
as if they were coming to life again to cry out for vengeance against their murderers. But we have wandered from our visit to the Chief. Let us go back to the house. In the front or reception-room is a raised sort of dais in every big house, running across the whole breadth of the house. On this the guests usually sit and talk. We enter and sit down on this. Mats or *mythun* skins

are spread for our feet. The Chief and other headmen of the village squat round us, and the rest of the they his



CHIN DEPUTATION WAITING TO RECEIVE COLUMN.

pleased, and say, "*Atah!*" which means "excellent." A Chin thinks you a poor creature indeed, if you can't appreciate the qualities of his *Yu*. Then the usual



A STIFF DESCENT.

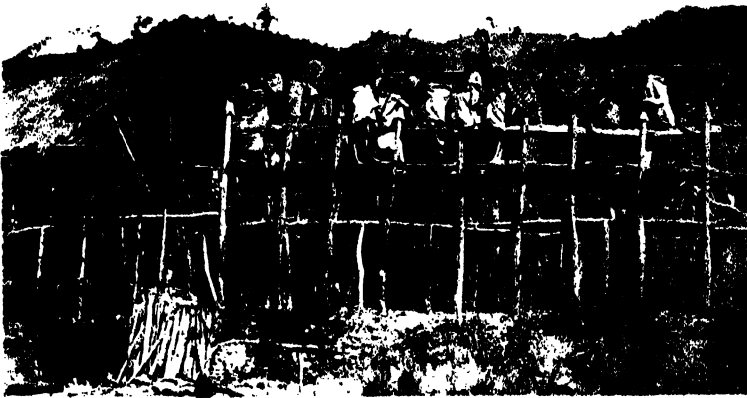
crowd deposit themselves wherever can find room. The Chief or wife, the latter smoking the usual pipe, now comes forward with a gourd of *Yu* and a drinking vessel of lacquer, and the liquor is poured out and handed to the "*Boipas*" or *sahibs*, who, to show that there is no ill-feeling, must drink the proffered cup. Even if you dislike the stuff, you must drink it, and look

presents of fowls, eggs, plantains and cane are produced. Having drunk and eaten a plantain or two, the talking begins. This is accompanied by much gesticulation and shouting. They are a very excitable lot and

sugar-
Yu



ON THE MARCH: RECEIVING THE SUBMISSION OF A VILLAGE.



GALLERY OF CHIN BEAUTY WATCHING ARRIVAL OF COLUMN.

suck in the liquor through the reed, each pint or so. The liquor is very gradually and deliberately swallowed. It is rolled about in the mouth and then allowed to trickle down the throat, so as to give the drinker the full benefit and bouquet of the liquor. *Yu* is usually prepared from fermented Indian corn and millet or other grain.

cannot speak without jactitation. The *Yu* cups circulate freely among the crowd, who to save time suck in the liquor from the gourds. If a *Yu* jar is on tap, which is usually the case, the Chins take it by turns to sit by it and drinking a



RECEIVING A CHIN DEPUTATION ON THE MARCH.



NO. 2 STOCKPILE AT FOOT OF CHIN HILLS.

THOMAS, SPARK & CO. ENGINEERS.

A Chin takes the keenest interest in every instrument of war. The edges of our swords are examined to see if they are sharp. He gives a little sniff of

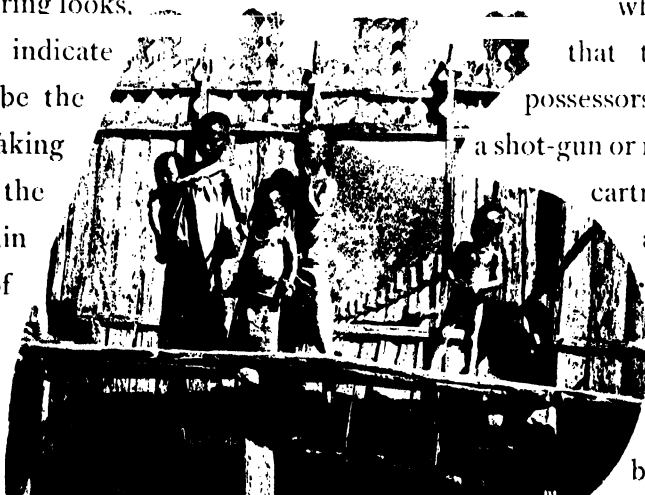


POLITICAL OFFICER RECEIVING SUBMISSION OF TASHON CHIEFS ON THE MARCH.

contempt, if he finds they are not as keen as razors. Their own *dahs* and daggers are always kept beautifully sharp. Fire-arms are what always fetch the Chins. Their eager admiring looks,

are produced, indicate a good deal to be the themselves. Taking

or shooting out the as a play to a Chin exclamations of tonishment are ness. The wo- from behind the chinks in the doubt, believe



LITTLE CHIN GIRLS WATCHING ARRIVAL OF TROOPS.

when our revolvers

are produced, indicate that they would give possessors of such weapons

a shot-gun or revolver to pieces, cartridges, is as good

audience. Their

wonder and as- amusing to wit-

men - folk peep door or through

boards, and, no

that the white

strangers are performing some fearful feats of magic. The men are always keen to see some shots fired. We give them an exhibition, but not always with success.

However, to smash an egg with a shot-gun at fifty feet is a performance which raises you tremendously in the estimation of a Chin!

Our field-glasses of their admiration. the magnifying through the op- duces ludicrous and causing fire glasses is also a astonishment. have to exhibit to the besieging crowd talking then goes on, house produces a flask juice, decanted from her own pipe-bowl, which she politely offers us. Our interpreter tells her we smoke drink the juice, although e tered at the compliment

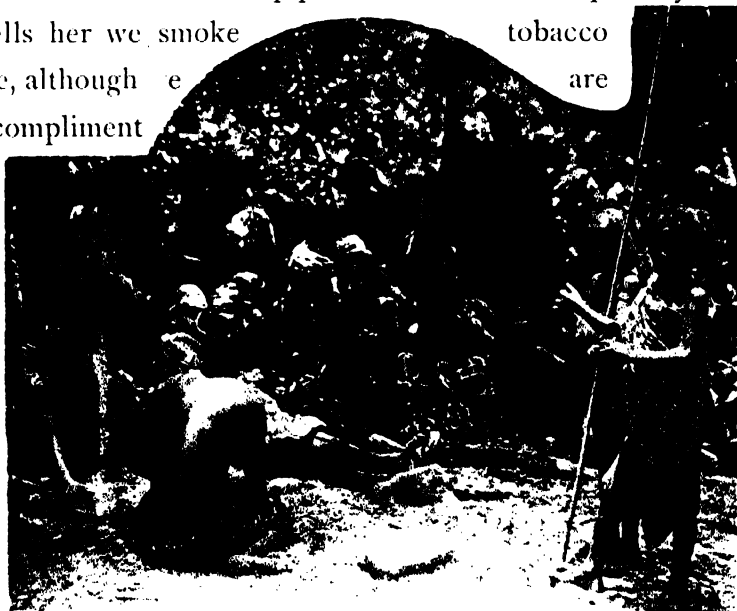
us in offer- elixir. This pared by the household in Every wo- smokes a lower end of chambercon- into which and liquid bowl percol-

the solution is of sufficient strength, it is decanted into little gourds. This liquid is largely consumed by Chins. They are always taking nips from these "flasks,

next come in for a share Looking through end and then posite end pro- bewilderment; by magnifying source of endless These wonders we each one in turn till is satisfied. More and the lady of the of choice tobacco-



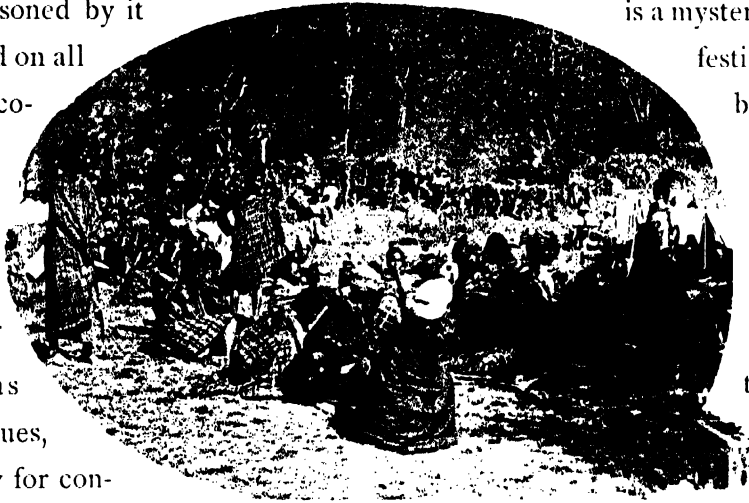
THE BELLE OF THE VILLAGE.



A FRIENDLY CHAT WITH CHINS.

tobacco are but never highly flat- she has paid ing us the liquid is pre- women of the their pipes. man and girl pipe, at the which is a taining water, the nicotine from the pipe ate. When

nearly every Chin carrying a supply of the nauseous-looking stuff. Why they are not poisoned by it marches and on all these tobacco-just as much tion as the The Chin therefore, boonest of panions, as great virtues, the capacity for con-much liquor and



THE POLITICAL OFFICER RECEIVING A DEPUTATION OF CHINS IN CAMP.

tobacco, he possesses in the highest degree! When we have declined the proffered honour, the tobacco-juice is passed round to the elders in the crowd; everyone takes a sip, and the bottle is handed back to the lady.



CHINS WAITING TO SEE THE POLITICAL OFFICER

is a mystery. On long festive occasions, bottles are in requisition. *Yu* jars, ought, to be the boon companions, namely, summing muc

By this time the Political Officer has managed to make the Chief understand what he wants done. Our business ended, we rise up and, cautiously picking our way over the creaking and rickety boards of the balcony, we leave the house and return to

camp, and so ends our visit.

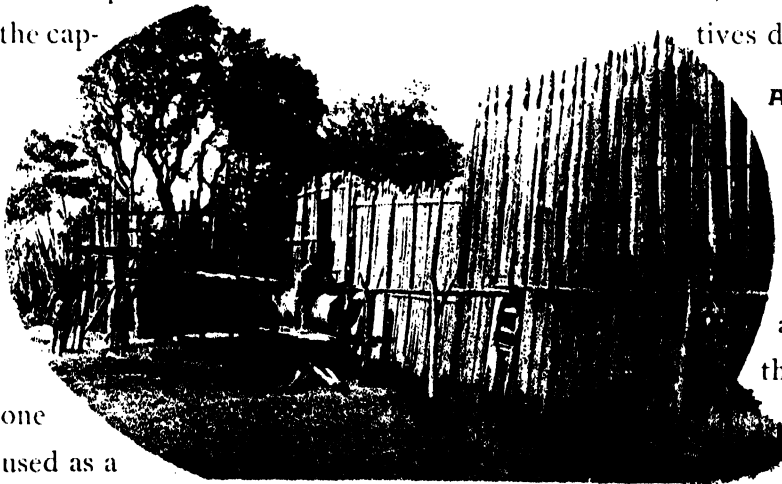
Captives refuse to be released.

In releasing Burmese among the difficulties this curious one— refused to be re- were chiefly who had been from Burma young. They grown up as knew no lan- Chin, and had upon the Chins people. Such cap- and scratched and also swore, when the Poli- release them and give them is human nature! Sometimes the Chiefs had to be put in the Quarter-Guard and kept the cap-



OBTAINING INFORMATION.

captives from the Chins, that cropped up was the captives re- leased! These girls and boys, carried away when very had thus Chins and guage but come to look as their own tives kicked and bit cried, and no doubt tical Officer attempted to to their fond parents. Such there, till the villagers produced tives demanded.



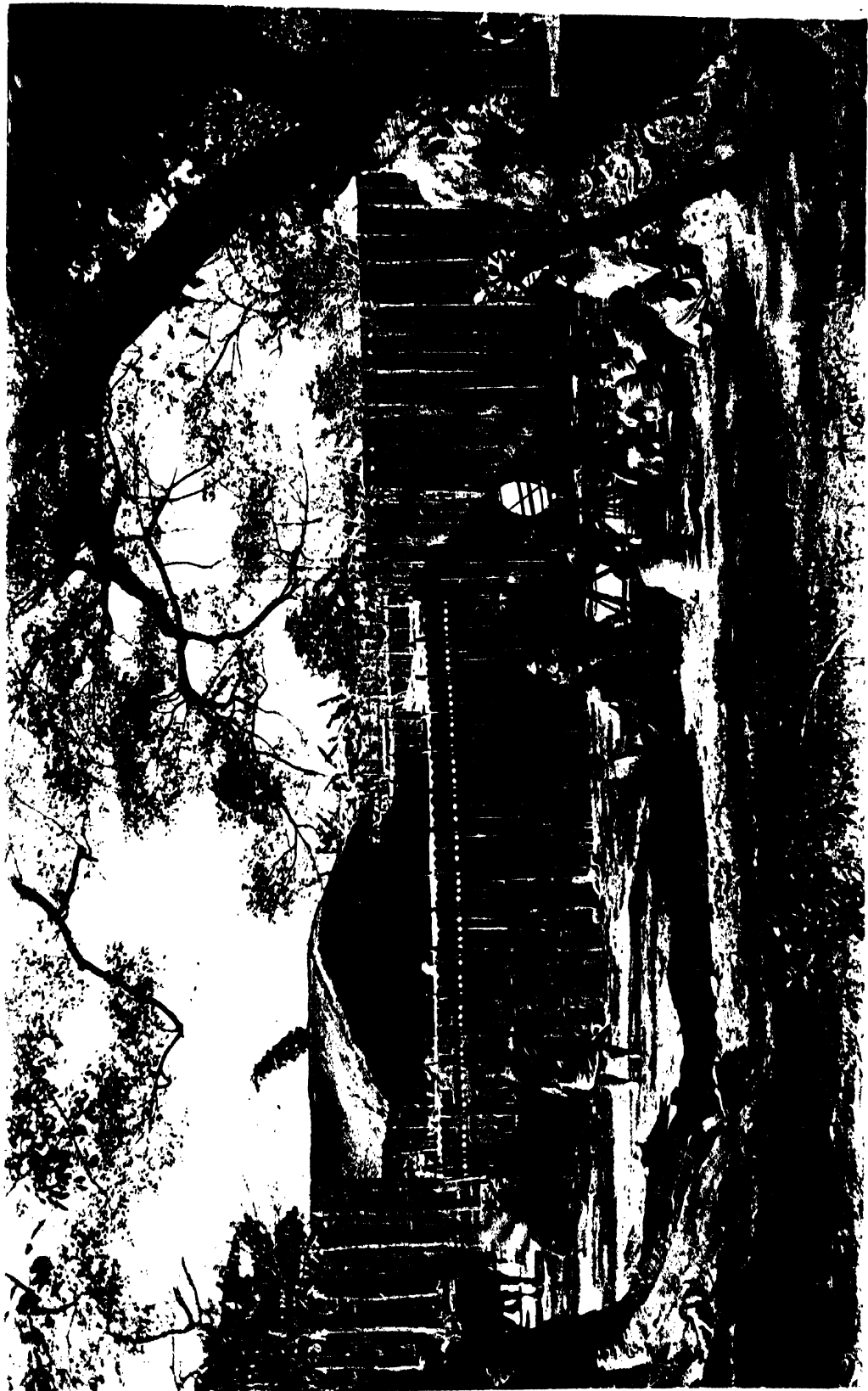
ENTRANCE TO A CHIEF'S HOUSE.

A funeral party dis- turbed.

one used as a volley

burial-party. They were, however, soon put to flight, and the interment completed without further interference.

In one of the columns a funeral-party was performing the last rites for a dead comrade, when the Chins, objecting to of their fields being burial-ground, hurled of stones at the



THE WUNTOD CHIEF'S HOUSE (KLUNG-KLUNG), THE LARGEST AND BEST HOUSE IN THE WHOLE OF THE CHIN HILLS.

THE NEW SPIDER & CO. PHOTOGRAPHERS

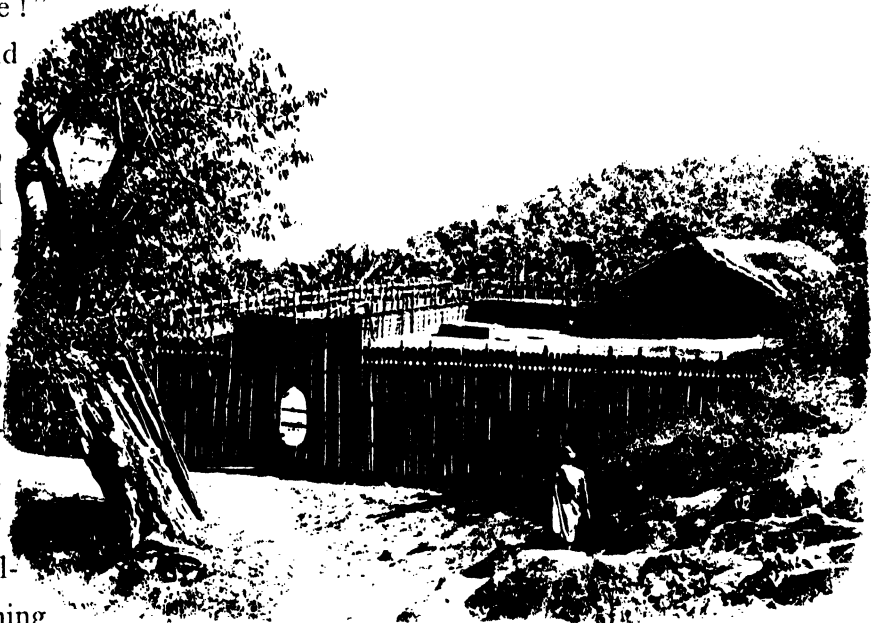
News spread rapidly.

It is wonderful how quickly news get about in these hills. On one occasion we heard that an important Chief we wanted to capture was in a certain village. All plans were carefully made, and the village was surrounded by troops at daybreak, and the place searched. The missing man, however, was not found, but the village elders were discovered of the morning still sitting



Yu jars, pretended to know nothing of the fugitive. We could only exclaim, "Better luck next time!"

as a dashing and gallant young officer sadly remarked, when he captured what he believed to be a large party of hostile Chins, but discovered to his disgust, on bringing them into camp, that they were only friendly Chin coolies who were coming

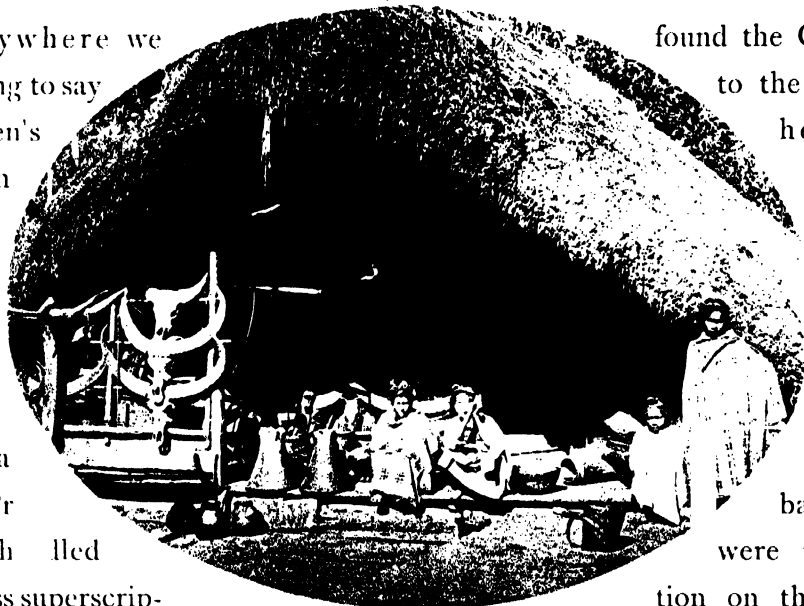


A CHIN HOUSE.

in to carry rations for the column, and with the discovery all the visions of D.S.O's and other honours faded from his sight !

Chins and rupees and barter.

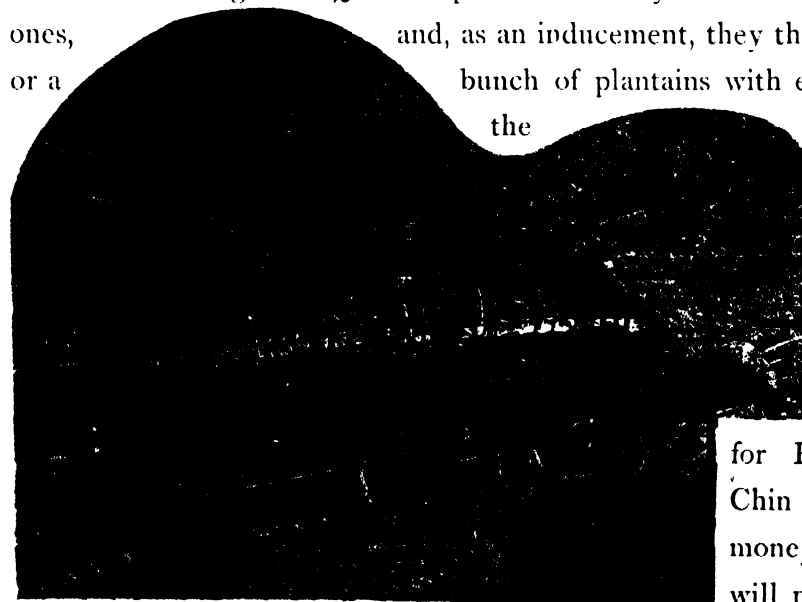
Everywhere we have nothing to say the Queen's only coin appeared to genuine Empress-though why they of this idea to say. Pr coins they h lled the Empress superscrip- silver coins too were ones, or a



THE FALAM WAR-CHIEF'S HOUSE.

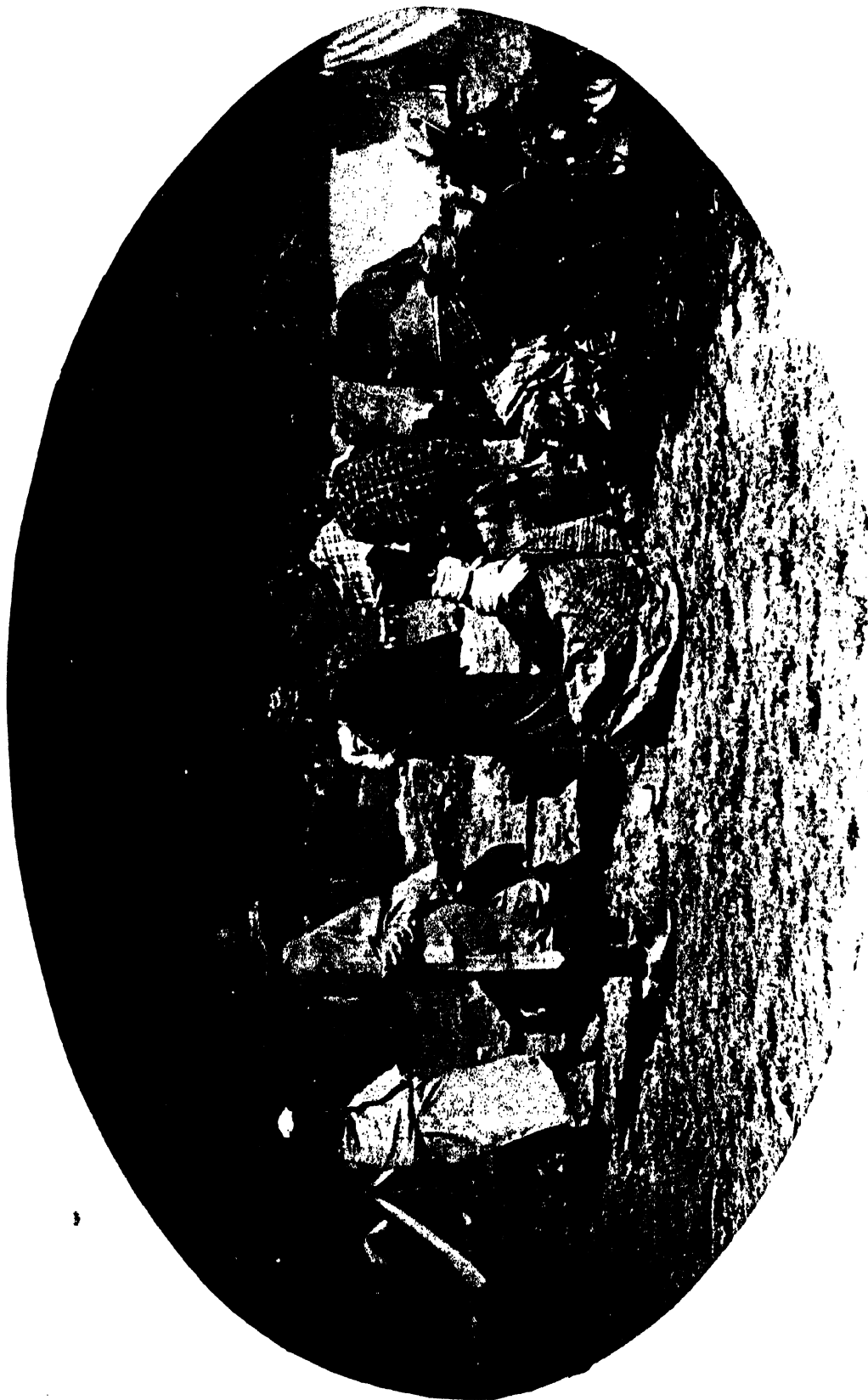
found the Chins would to the rupee with head. The they ap- consider was the rupee : how or got hold it is difficult bably the first were rupees with tion on them. Small at a discount. Some-

times Chins brought in Queen-rupees which they offered to exchange for Empress ones, and, as an inducement, they threw in a few dozen eggs bunch of plantains with each coin—offers which the



CHIN HOUSES, SHOWING PLATFORMS AND PALISADES.

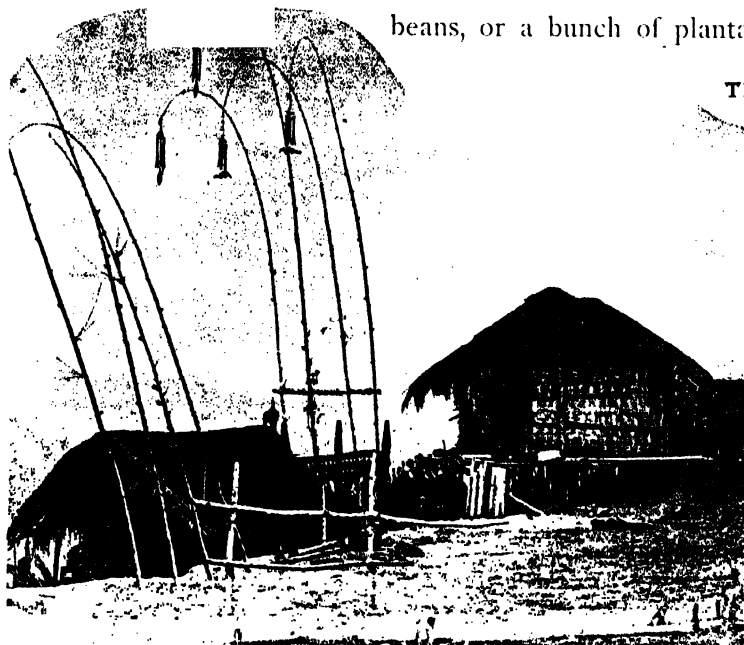
men were not slow to accept. Others offered four four-anna pieces or two eight-anna bits, with a handful of copper coin thrown in, in exchange for Empress rupees. The Chin idea of the value of money is very vague. He will no doubt soon learn better. A *thanka* or rupee is his



THE POLITICAL OFFICER OBTAINING INFORMATION.

THEY'RE SPYING ON US, SAKURAI.

standard for everything he has to sell, whether it be a chicken, or a basket of beans, or a bunch of plantains, or a few eggs.



RAID-TROPHIES AT TUNZAN, PUT UP IN HONOUR OF THE MURDER OF LIEUT. STEWART.

pletely. All eggs they brought in were dropped into a basin of water to test them. So in the usual manner one day the servant bought a batch of eggs after testing them in the water. But imagine his disgust when he afterwards found that the Chin had boiled the eggs—which were all bad—and so they had sunk in the water and deceived him!

The Chin is not a fool.

The Chin is not such a fool as he looks. He has been known to sell to Burmans and others on the frontier solid slabs of beeswax, which the purchasers afterwards discovered to be straw or mud covered over with a layer of wax! Sometimes they have received a

The Chin likes a gamey egg.

On one occasion the Chins sold us some eggs, and on breaking a few we found them addled. These were thrown away; but the Chins carefully picked them up and put them into their bags, reserving them, no doubt, as *bonnes bouches* for future use!

Another time the guileless Chin took us in com-



A CHIN CHIEF AND HIS WIFE IN GALA COSTUME.

Roland for an Oliver in the shape of silvered copper coin. But on such occasions they have gone to the Civil Officer with the false coin and he has usually replaced it with good coin, and so *they* at all events have never suffered.

The Chin

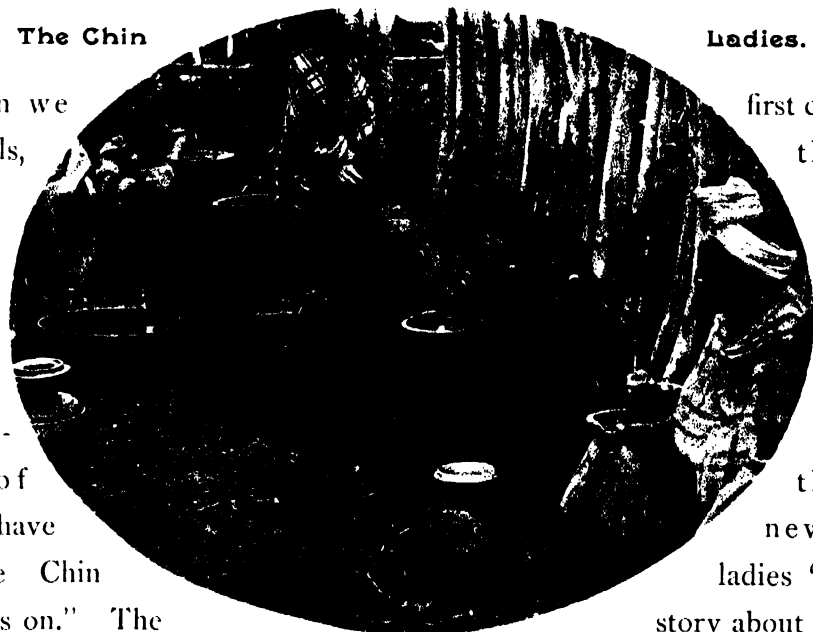
When we first came up into these hills, there were many reports re-
garding the scanty clothing worn by the Chin women. We have now pretty nearly penetrated every corner of these hills, but we have never come across the Chin ladies "vot hadn't got nodings on." The story about the females who only wore a piece of board is quite mythical. On the contrary, the Chin ladies dress very decently indeed, as a reference to the pictures will show. They are, however, a whole different race as women were the only ones we came across who went about with their bosoms uncovered.

The Bounge-

The whole of Tashons and Yahows Lunnoos and other classed as Bounge-
Burmese term applied to the Chins who wear their hair

Ladies.

first came up into these hills, there were many reports re-
garding the scanty clothing worn by the Chin women. We have now pretty nearly penetrated every corner of these hills, but we have never come across the Chin ladies "vot hadn't got nodings on." The story about the females who only wore a piece of board is quite mythical. On the contrary, the Chin ladies dress very decently indeed, as a reference to the pictures will show. They are, however, a whole different race as women were the only ones we came across who went about with their bosoms un-



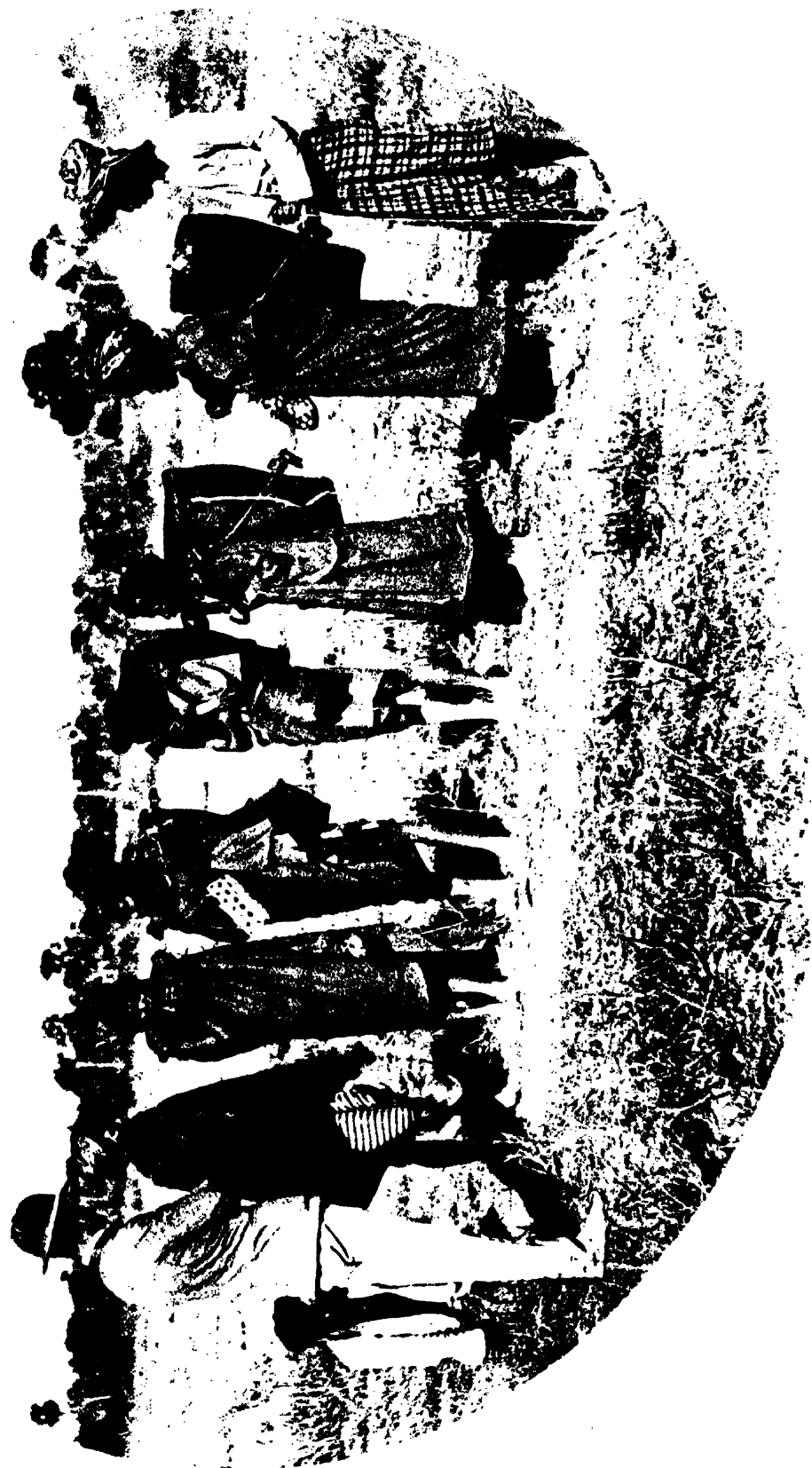
THE YU JARS.



shays.

the Chins, from the North to the South, may be shays. This is applied to the Chins dressed in a knot in

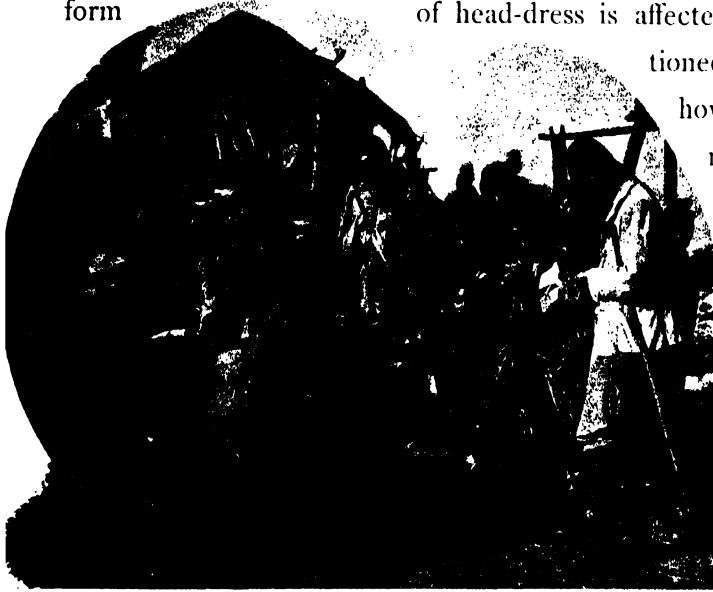
CHINS DRINKING YU.



POLITICAL OFFICER ARRANGING ABOUT COOLIES.

Travelling with the Coolies.

the front of their heads, the knot being rolled round with a strip of cloth. This form of head-dress is affected by all the great tribes mentioned above. The Siyins and Kan-hows farther north wear their hair made up into a knot at the back of the head like a small *chignon*. The Siyins in addition ornament their heads with two small plaits worn above each temple. This manner of head-dress gives these two tribes a much less manly appearance than the hill-men of the south.



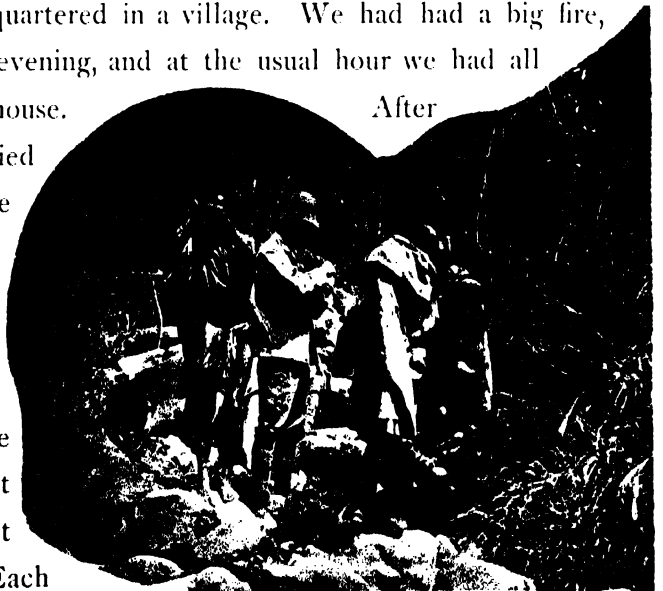
MAKING FRIENDS WITH T

How three old witches put out a fire.

On one occasion we were quartered in a village. We had had a big fire, round which we had spent the evening, and at the usual hour we had all turned into our beds in a Chin house.

Some time when all sounds had died out, three old hags, to whom the house we were occupying evidently belonged, cautiously crept out of the darkness and sat down round the smouldering fire. Their idea, apparently, was to put out the fire, lest a wind should spring up at night and blow the sparks about and set the village in flames. Each ancient dame had a vessel of water with her.

But apprehensive, no doubt, that if they threw the whole of the water suddenly on the fire, it would produce a noise and disturb the *boipas*, and they



AMUSING THE CHINS.

would thus incur their
dames took mouthfuls
squirited it on to the
The jets of water
great precision, and
ceeded in putting
the least noise.
of satisfaction they
into the darkness.
the show from our
comical the whole



The Chins and

From long continued
expert in aiming with his
of constantly chewing or
salivary secretions are always very profuse. They have no spittoons, but the
cracks in the floors of their houses answer just as well. The unerring way they
aim is quite wonderful to
down to talk to you, he
near which there is

CHIN WOMEN SMOKING.

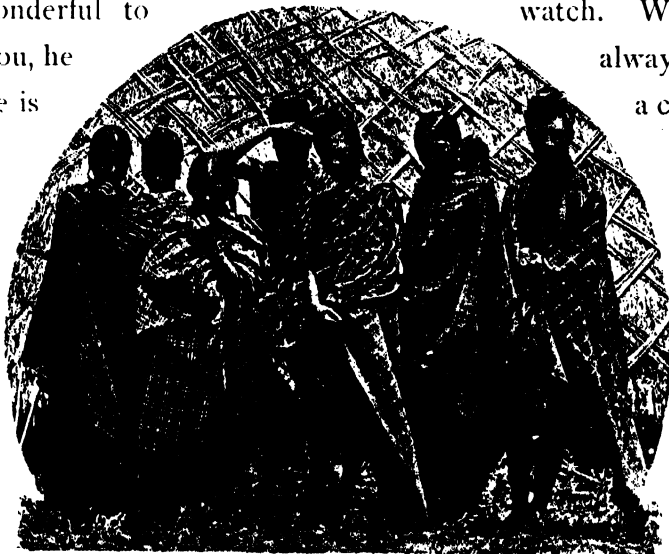
displeasure, the old bel-
of water and very gently
smouldering embers.
were aimed with
very soon they suc-
out the fire without
Then with a croak
disappeared again
We quietly watched
beds, and very
thing appeared.

their spittoons.

practice the Chin is very
mouth. From their habit
smoking rank tobacco, their
watch. When a Chin sits
always selects a spot
a convenient crack!

How the

We once
Chin engaged
child's head.
knotted into
The shaving was
piece of hoop-
ened. To facili-
the operator



HAFA CHIEFS AND THEIR SISTERS.

Chin shaves.

came upon a
in shaving his
The hair was
lumps with dirt.
done with a
iron finely sharp-
tate the process,
every now and

again expectorated on the child's head and rubbed the spittle and dirt up into a



LAO VAK : A MILITARY POST IN THE KLUNG-KLUNG COUNTRY.

Thacker, S. J. & Co. Calcutta.

kind of lather, and then went on with the operation. The rest of the family sat round looking on admiringly at the skill of the operator!

Legend of the

In the Klung- heard a curious one of the villages. that years and of white strangers ed on the hills, men wherever but eventually tled down in the gen. Here they with their neigh- years, and then suddenly as they village is a cave the strange visitors be kept, which venerate. We ly, unable to visit village. The

White Men.

Klung country we legend regarding The story runs years ago a party suddenly appear- defeating the hill- they met them ; some of them set- vi age of Shurn- lived at peace bours for nine disappeared as came. Near this in which relies of are still said to the Chins greatly were, unfortunate- this interesting Chins say that before leaving the

white men prophesied that they would come again, and they believe that we have come into their hills in fulfilment of that prediction. They also believe that we too, after nine years, will suddenly disappear like the strangers of old. Another argument they adduce against our remaining permanently in these hills, is that we have not brought

THE ONLY BURMESE CAPTIVE RELEASED BY THE TASHON COLUMN, AND HER GALLANT RESCUER.



PURCHASING EGGS FROM CHINS.

our women-folk with us. not live without wo- strangers too must own country."

A Legend

Before the was built, the was at Old mile west of the polis. The old hung by a frowning the projecting crags attribute demon. The mountain is, there- luma." We, however, of the rocks the demon but we were told it re- to enable one to see these strange things properly—and that was probably true. From a female



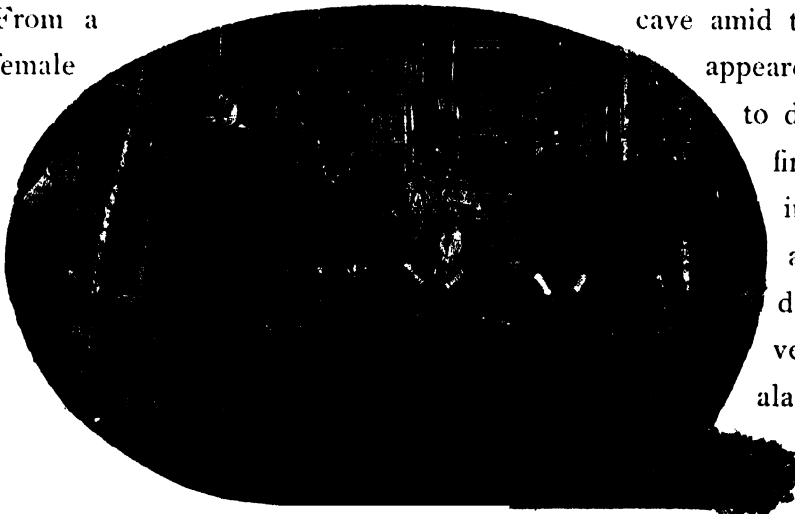
HAKA BELLES.

"Man," they say, "can- men; and so these soon return to their

of Falam.

present village Tashon capital Falam, about a present metro- village is over- rocky mountain, to of which the Chins shapes and forms. fore, called the "Be- failed to discover in any shapes attributed to them; quired a good deal of Yu

cave amid these crags a beautiful appeared when someone was to die in the village. At first she appeared but infrequently; but after a time the beautiful damsel's visits became very frequent, and in alarm the Tashons abandoned the place, and built the fine new village of Falam,



MINLAYDAUNG CHINS.

since which time they have enjoyed uninterrupted prosperity.



FALANG.
THE NEW SPARK & CO. CALIFORNIA.



THE OCCUPATION OF FALAM: THE COLUMN ENTERING THE CAPITAL.

Thacker, Spink & Co. Calcutta.

A Chat about the

Chin Friendlies.

The Political Officer had with him a party of friendly or sons of chiefs. To distinguish them from other Chins they wore a strip of red cloth round their hair. From this circumstance they were known in the columns as *lulpuggri-wals*. They were also known under the various designations of "P. O.'s body-lars," "friendlies," "Chin police," "irregular guard," and "Chin militia." They accompanied all the expeditions, and often rendered very useful and important service. They were a fine lot of men, well set-up and sturdy, and one or two were remarkably excellent foragers; and they generally took the deputations, that to submit, under their wing, and introduced them to the Political Officer — and consumed most of the *Yu*.



A BOUNGHAY CHIEF IN COMPLETE WAR-PAINT.

the expeditions, and useful and important lot of men, well set-up two were remarkably excellent foragers; and came in



THE WUNTOO CHIEFS AND THEIR HOUSEHOLD—THESE CHIEFS ARE GREAT NIMRODS.

Pork they had galore, for every deputation brought in several pigs, sometimes alive and sometimes roasted whole and skewered on a bamboo. Their method of killing

a pig was as follows. The struggling, squealing animal is held down by two men, while a third takes the sharp bamboo skewer he wears in his hair and deliberately introduces it into the animal's chest, feeling his way, as it were, as he penetrates deeper. Having gone far enough, he proceeds to work the skewer about till he pierces the heart. In the



CHINS IN MONSOON COSTUME.

meantime the wretched pig has been making the place re-echo with his death-



HEAD-QUARTER CAMP AT FALAM (TASHON).

screams. As the skewer does its work, the noise becomes fainter and yet more faint, and at last, after a quarter of an hour's suffering, piggy bids a long farewell to the little joys his kind can know in this world. The great object of the Chin is not to lose a drop of the



IN THE CAMP OF THE FRIENDLIES :

blood. The entrails are then removed, and the animal is roasted whole on a big fire in his skin. He is then cut up and distributed ; and the relish with which the Chins fall to on the roast flesh reminds one of the delightful story of Elia's Chinese swine-herd and the roast pig.

Lots of drink.

The Chin militia had a high old time of it all through. The *Yu* was unlimited, and at almost every village they had a drinking-bout. Rollicking by nature, they delighted in a lark so long as it was not at their own expense. We

were often much amused by the pranks they played on their fellow-tribesmen. Sometimes they came and sat with us round our fire,

and with a few nods and

grunts and motions of

the hands we were

able to carry on

quite an interest-

ing conversation.

They picked up

most of our

names and

rattled them

off. If a

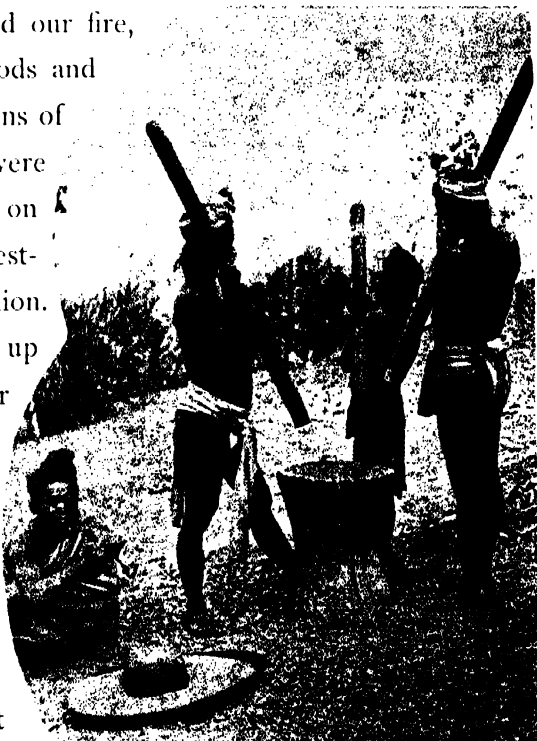
Chin wishes

to express

his pleasure, he embraces you or strokes you gently. We had sometimes to submit



THREE GENERATIONS OF CHINS.



PREPARING THEIR FOOD.

to this ordeal. The embracing is embarrassing, especially if the gentleman who is so demonstrative is a bit high, as they invariably are ! When you visit a Chin



A YAWOW HOUSE.

house, the old ladies too, but not the young ones unfortunately, stroke you to show their admiration for the white men.

Their funny names. Their gunpowder, bullets, and guns.

Some of these Chiefs had very funny-sounding names. The reader would call them indecent, if they were written down here.

They were all excellent shots. A Chin never failed to bring down a *mythun* at the first shot, while our men took many shots, and even then the animal sometimes escaped. All these Chins are armed with old Tower flint-locks. They make their own gunpowder. We



frequently passed the sulphur-factories of villages : these consisted of wooden troughs or wicker-baskets chock-full of a large variety of bean, sunk in the streams ; and from the decomposition of these beans they get their sulphur. We could



HAKA CHIEFS.

always tell when we were approaching these places, by the smells that assailed us.

The Chins are not particular what they use as bullets : pieces of telegraph-wire, pebbles, or bits of iron beaten into squares answer their purposes just as well. The barrels of their guns are what they value most. Most of the

other parts they make themselves. The Chiefs' guns are usually very beautifully lacquered.

They are big feeders.

These "friendlies" were great feeders ; and so, indeed, are all Chins. They were always eating. They put away a large quantity of food three times a day regularly.

On the march, when we halted, we would often see them spread out a huge cloth, on which they would pile up a mountain of boiled millet and a mass of boiled eggs, with great junks of boiled or roast pork. Round this pile they would sit, and soon demolish it. Then a copious draught of water, and they were ready for anything.



GROUP OF SIYIN CHINS

The Tashons are the most civilized.

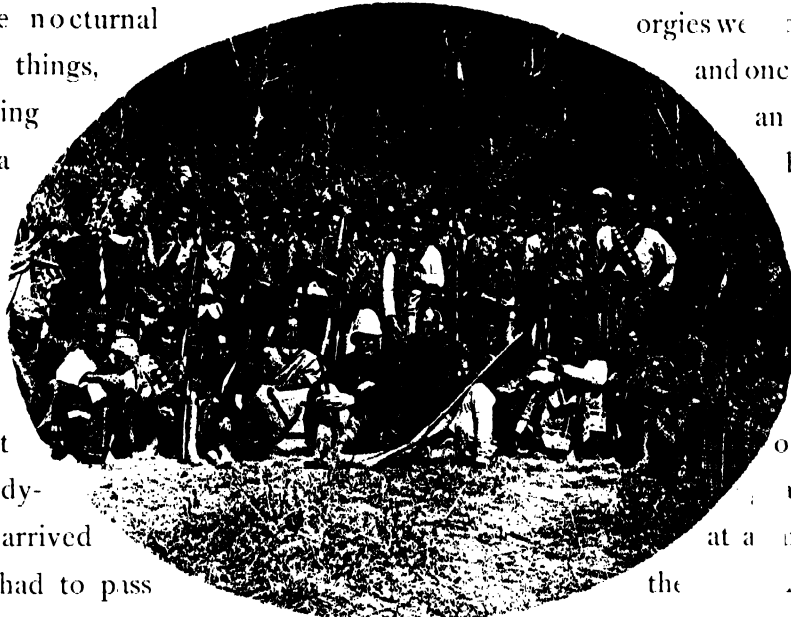
Of all the Chins, the Tashons are the most civilized. In the houses of their Chiefs we found oil-lamps made of earthenware - things we had never come across in any other village. The Chins, as a rule, sit round their fires, and that is the only illumination they have in their soot-begrimed houses. Round these fires, too, they hold their drinking orgies.



CAPT. RUNDALL INTERVIEWING KANHOW CHIEFS.

Their midnight orgies.

These nocturnal for many things, near involving sepoys in a but for the action of ical Offi- was re- to a post small escort and his body-lies. He arrived where he had to pass occupied the Chief's course, was made the



THE POLITICAL OFFICER AND HIS "FRIENDLIES,"
OR CHIN MILITIA.

orgies were accountable and once they came an escort of battle royal, prompt the Polit- cer. He turning with a of ten sepoys ard offriend- at a large village, the As usual, he house. The event, of occasion for a big drink.

The Chief and his people and the friendlies drank deeply and freely, sitting round the fire. At first they were a most convivial party, and everything went on smoothly; but, as the stuff rose to their heads, they began to discuss and argue



GROUP OF TASHON AND YAHOW CHIEFS.

about many matters, and then words rose high and finally they fell to blows. The villagers were becoming very excited, and very little more would have induced them to rush for their arms and make an attack on the Officer and his sepoy escort. The former, who was asleep, or had been trying to sleep, in an adjoining room, rushed out on hearing the noise and,

grasping the situation, promptly collared the malcontents and placed them under guard for the night, and they were kept the Chiefs well for the good behaviour of the village, till the little morning. The night's had resulted in not a

**A "friendly"
into his**

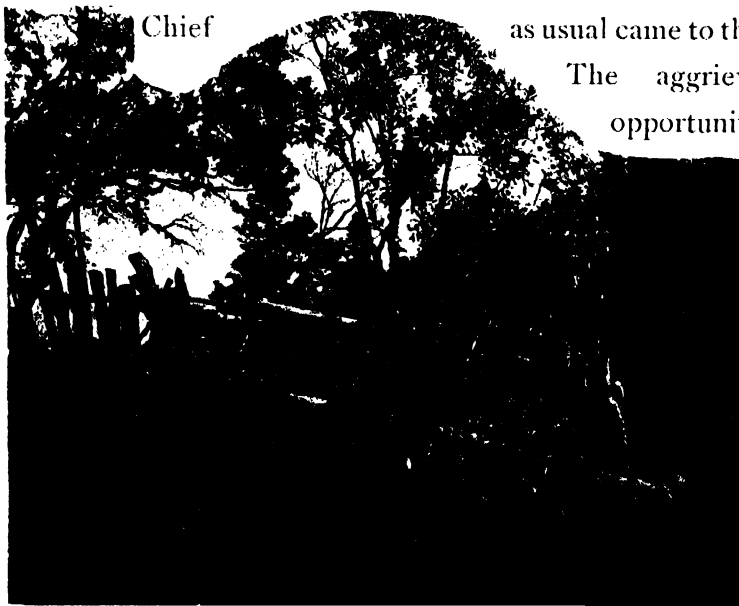
One of the friendly-against the Chief of a appeared that a long to the offending village. But the Chief money and guns, and

back to his own village—but without the goats.

When the column reached this village, the Chief as usual came to the camp to pay his respects. The aggrieved friendly believed his opportunity had now come to have vengeance. As soon as the Chief came into camp, the friendly sprang on him and seized and bound him hand and foot. This caused the greatest consternation among the Chief's followers, who bounded up the hill like



FUNNELLED ENTRANCE TO A BOUNGSHAY VILLAGE.



CHIN BREAST-WORK ON A MOUNTAIN PATH.

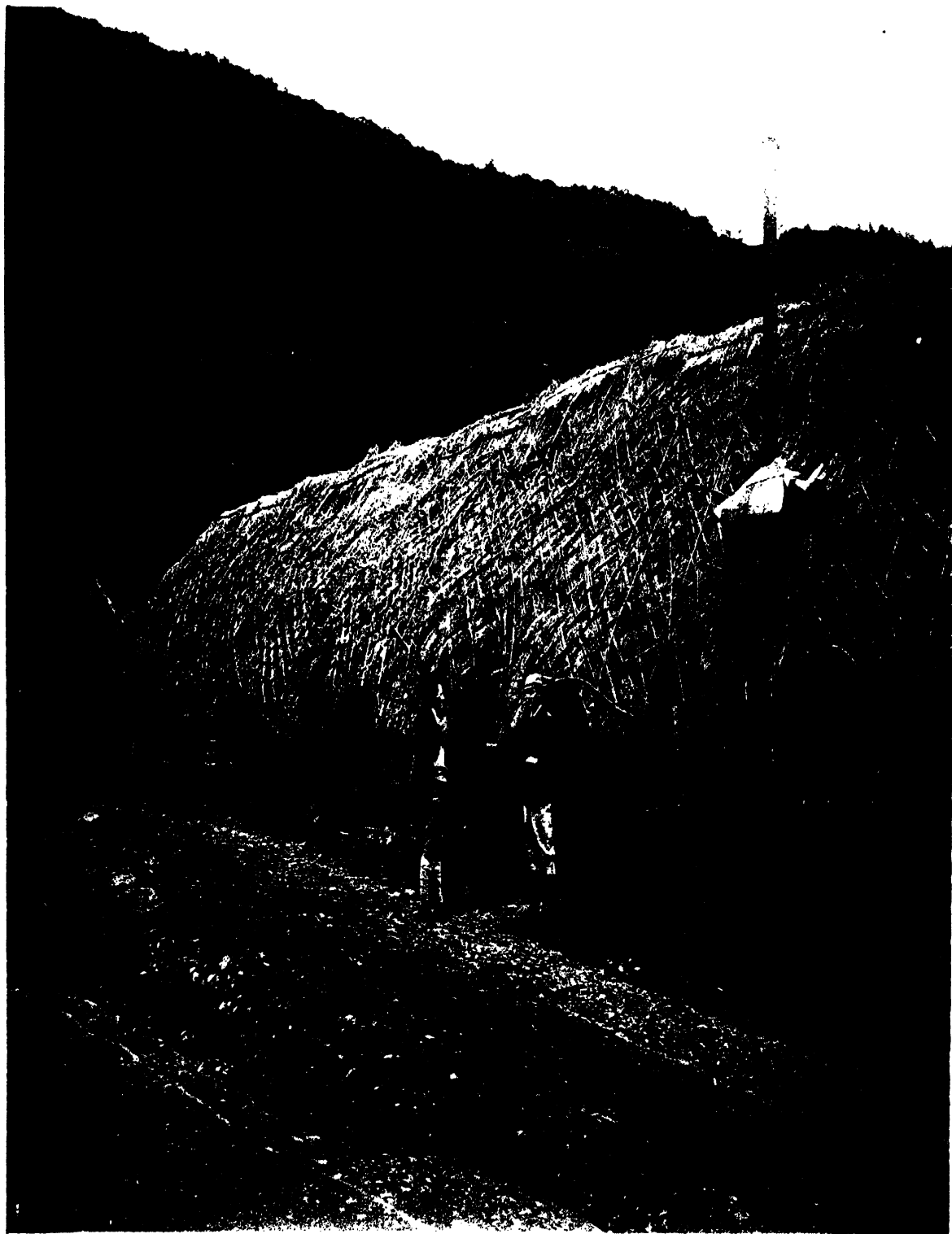
rest of the night. It was tion. However, he under his eye all retained as hostages of the rest of the village party left early next escapade, however, few broken heads.

**takes the law
own hands.**

lies had a grievance certain village. It time ago he had gone to purchase some had eased him of his

shown him the way

vengeance. Chief came the friendly him and bound him foot. This greatest consternation among the lowers, who the hill like



OFFICERS' QUARTERS, HAKA.

Thacker, Spick & Co. Calcutta.

THE IMAGE OF WAR; OR, SERVICE ON THE CHIN HILLS.

so many antelopes. They thought it was some deep-laid plot to compass their destruction. When we learned what all the excitement was about, the Political Officer had the utmost difficulty by dint of much shouting and yelling in calming the fears of the runaways, and inducing them to trust themselves to the camp again. Their Chief was at once set



OUR ARTIST SHOWING A SKETCH TO CHINS, WHICH THEY PROMPTLY RUINED OUT!



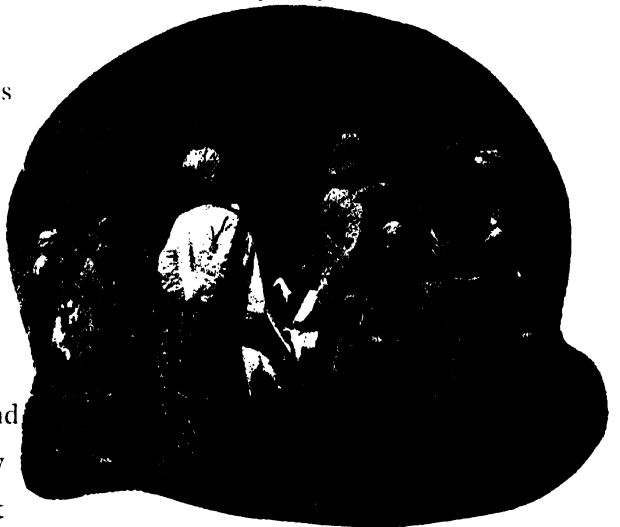
IN CAMP: BARGAINING WITH CHINS.

free. The friendly who had taken the law into his own hands in this way, and who no doubt thought he had a perfect right to do so, was promptly put into durance vile, and, being a high and mighty Chief in his own right, and a trusty policeman by the grace of the Political Officer, this was great ignominy. However, a cold night under the stern eye of the British sentry no doubt brought home to his mind the fact that, if he had any disputes, he must take

them to the white Chief for settlement, as that was in future to be the new order of things in the land. Subsequently the dispute was arranged to the satisfaction of both parties.

They object to being sketched.

The Chins are very superstitious and believe in the evil eye. They strongly objected to being sketched. Our artist



A ROW IN CAMP.

once made a very beautiful sketch of two fine-looking Chins and handed his book to the men, imagining that they would admire their own portraits. They looked at it for a while, turning it round in all directions, and finally, when they grasped what it meant, one of the men quietly moistened his finger with the tip of his tongue and smear-



DYNAMITING FISH: LIGHTING THE FUSE.

ed the sketch out, before the disgusted artist could stop him.

Then with a smile that was child-like and bland he handed back the book and simply said, "*Atahlo*," which means "bad."

**The Camera
alarms them.**

Neither did they like being photographed. When they were told what it meant,



DYNAMITING FISH: THE EXPLOSION.

they scampered away in great fright like an alarmed flock of sheep. The only way was to take them unawares. Once, in a distant village, we had erected the camera and arranged everything nicely, but, when the shutter was snapped, the Chins fled in all directions, believing it to be some kind of diabolical machine; and nothing would induce



DYNAMITING FISH: COLLECTING THE FISH.

them to approach the camera again. In other places, however, where the people



DYNAMITING FISH: EVERYONE HELPS TO GATHER THE FISH.

were not so wild, the image on the ground glass was a source of great wonder and admiration to them.

Stockades and Tunnels.

In the Bounghay country all the villages have stockades and tunnelled entrances. The villages are

usually on the slopes of hills, rarely at a lower altitude than three or four thousand feet, and their water-supply is brought down from the springs above by wooden aqueducts. The Klung-Klungs usually have their villages perched on the summit of ridges, and trust to their inaccessible position for their defence. They therefore have to go down for their water. Except Falam, none of the Tashon or Yahow villages have defences of any kind. The houses of the great tribes are all very substantially built of fir and pine-wood. As you approach the Lushai border, however, the houses are of a more temporary nature, and are mainly built of bamboo and grass.

The most

powerful Tribes.

Years and the most power-ruled the passed, and became su-but, when into the the supre-the Hakas and the had come front. And



THE LAST BOTTLE OF WHISKY!

HERE IS ONLY ONE PEG! WHO'S TO HAVE IT?

years ago the Kanhows were ful of all the tribes, and roost: then their day the Hakas preme; we came country, macy of had faded, Tashons to the it is said

that, had we not come, the Tashons in turn would have given place to the Yahows, who at the time were carrying everything before them. Now let us hope the hatchet will be buried, and peace and good order will reign over all the land.

They are Suspicious.

The Chins are very suspicious. Often, when they came to sit by our fire, we offered them food. They would take the morsel in the tips of their fingers and smell it very cautiously. Then they would turn it round and smell it again, much as a monkey would do. Then they would break it and smell it again. After that it was very cautiously applied to the tip of the tongue, and, if it did not suit



EXAMINING CAPTURED ARMS

Thacker, Spink & Co., Calcutta.

their refined palates, they screwed up their faces, spat on the ground, and handed the stuff back with the intimation that it was "*Aiahlo*"---bad! Sugar, *gour*, salt, and rum were what they mainly appreciated.

Rockets.

Sometimes we had to send up signal-rockets to communicate with other columns. These made a profound impression on the savages. The roar of astonishment that burst from them as they watched the rockets hissing up into the heavens, was like the sound of many waters. They believed we accomplished all this by the agency of Nats.

Dynamit-

ing Fish.

Dynamiting
fetched them.
something
water ;
lows a lit-
and behold!
come up
numbers.
If they
that, how
save them!



AFTERNOON TEA IN CAMP.

fish also greatly
"You throw
into the
then fol-
tle splash,
the fish
dead in
How simple!
could only do
much trouble it would

Here were these strangers who secured all the best fish in a few minutes without the least trouble, while they took days and days to catch a few fish in spite of all their traps and snares." So thought our friends the Chins.

The Nat and the Godfather.

The Chins are demon---or Nat-worshippers. Each household has got its own special Nat. On one occasion a woman who did not exactly know who the father of her child was, and was consequently uncertain under the protection of whose Nat her brat would come, thought she would settle the matter satisfactorily by

asking the Political Officer to become the Nat-father of her child! From a Chin point of view, we were told, this was considered a great compliment.

The Chin Character.

The Chin appears to be affectionate and domesticated enough, when occasion requires. We have often come across a fond Chin father nursing the baby; and they have frequently come into camp with babies tied on their backs. Mr. Macnabb thinks "they are a queer and singular race, combining many of the

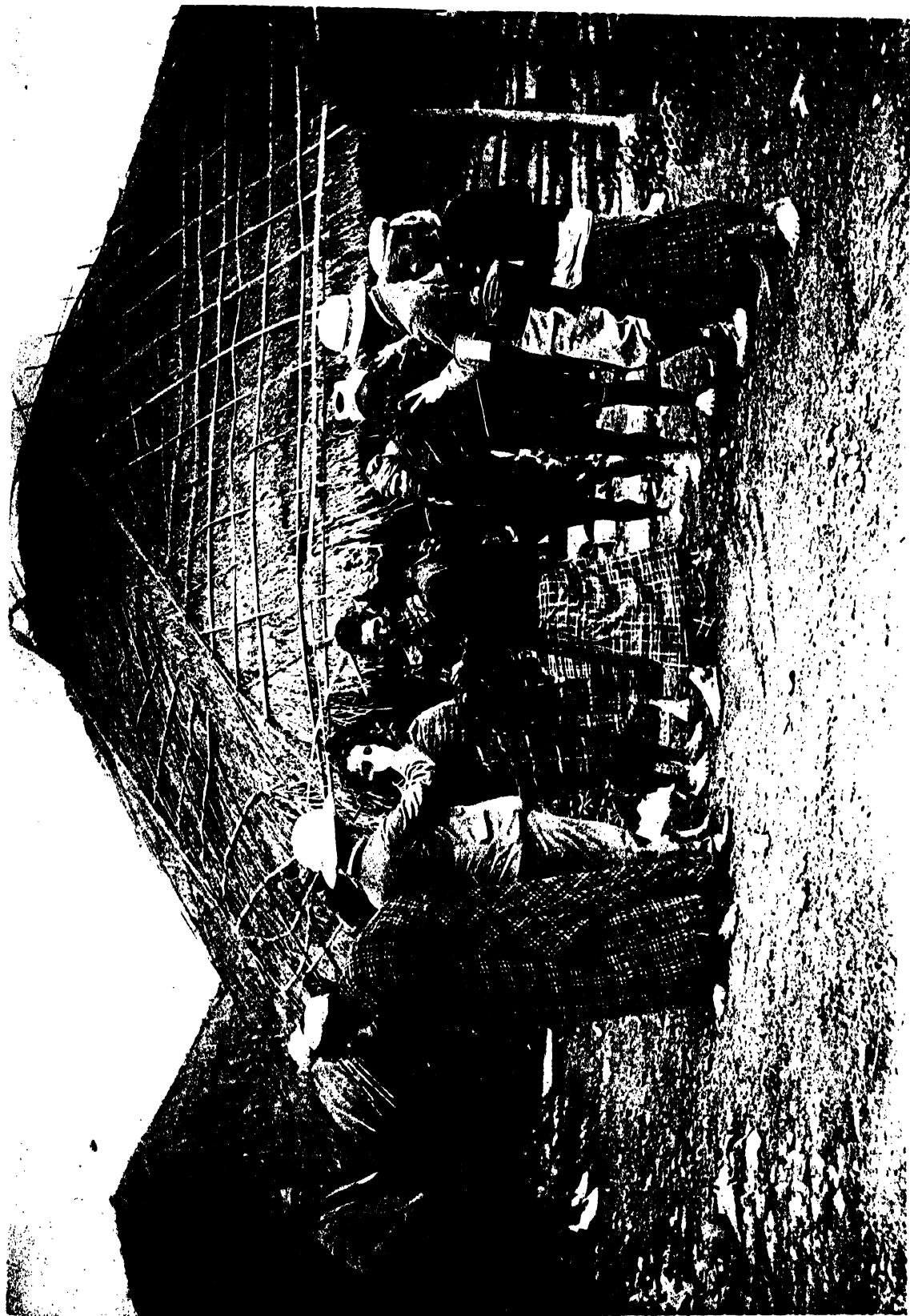


BURMESE CAPTIVES RELEASED FROM THE CHINS.

more attractive qualities of the Burman with the deceit and vindictiveness of the Pathan. On the whole, however, they are a manly race and an independent one, and, as such, command respect." The population of the country is very considerable. Indeed, the number of inhabitants in these hills quite astonished us.

The Chin as a Bargainer.

Bargaining with a Chin required a good deal of diplomacy. It was often a source of great fun to us. They were very unconfiding, and would on no account part with anything till the *thanka* or rupee was placed in their hands. With one hand the Chin would hold the article he had for sale concealed in his basket, or



under his dirty rags. This he would partly disclose and let you look at from a distance, but not handle. The other hand he held out to the intending purchaser; and, when the latter deposited the coin therein, then he would hand over the article to you and not before. If the amount one offered did not satisfy him, he simply gave a little sneeze of contempt and politely turned his back on you. The children of the hills, however, always set a very high value on their own goods. They considered a fowl or a few eggs good enough to give in exchange for anything you had. What, however, had the greatest value in their eyes were our brass uniform-buttons, which they were very keen on possessing. These they made into neck-

selves or

With a ton

brass but-

could get

comfort-

these hills.

empty bul-

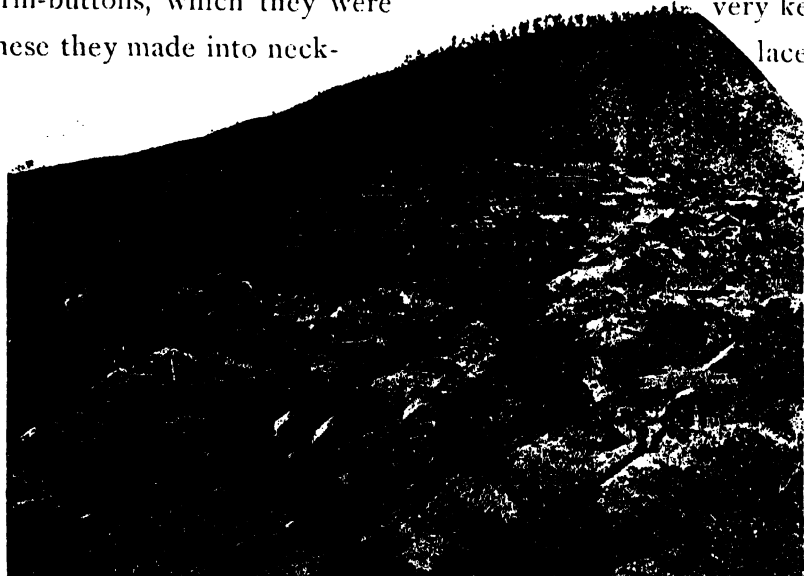
biscuit-tins

tain value

eyes; and

beans or

exchange.



VILLAGE OF SHURKWA, AFTERWARDS BURNED.

laces for them-

their wives.

or so of

tons one

on very

ably on

At first

li-beef and

had a cer-

in their

they gave

yams in

But the 'cute savages soon found out they could get these things for nothing by waiting. For if they did not buy them, the troops had to throw them away, as they could not carry empty tins about. As soon as the column marched out of camp, the Chins, who hung about the outskirts, would rush in and gather up all the rubbish; and eventually they would set the camp on fire. Somebody suggested they did this for sanitary reasons! But we suspect it was done to get rid of all traces of the hated strangers from the neighbourhood of their villages.

The Friendlies and the Plantains.

The Chin militia gave one of these hard bargainers a good lesson once. A

Chin had prowled round the camp with a basket of plantains for sale. But, as his prices were high, he had found no purchasers; so he strolled into the camp of the friendlies, hoping to do business with his own countrymen, no doubt. These strapping, sturdy, young fellows were a devil-may-care set of semi-savages, and always ready for a lark. Before the Chin with his basket of plantains could say Jack Robinson, or whatever the equivalent is in Chin, the friendlies sprang on him and emptied his basket in no time. Then they tossed the bewildered man about from one to the other, and soon nothing was left of the few rags in which he had been clothed.

and, tapping the
fixed him with
spoke to
"O foolish
hills! you
character
low tribes-
want a thing,
by foul
can't get
was fool-
to come
your plan-



GAKHWALI ESCORT BRINGING IN CHIN PRISONERS.

An old patriarchal Chin now came up
man on the shoulder,
his stern eye and
him thus:—
child of the
know the
of your fel-
men. If they
they take it,
means if they
it by fair! It
ish of you
here to *sell*
tains. Don't

do it again! But show me the man who took your plantains, and I'll see if I can restore them to you." He said this with a scowl at the shivering man, while with one eye he winked round on the grinning friendlies as much as to say, "Doesn't he wish he may get them!" The Chin, however, thought he had had enough of this game and so waited to hear no more, but, gathering up the shreds of his rags, slunk off into the jungle. Some of us were spectators of this scene from a distance, and it was fully as good as a bit from a Christmas pantomime.

The Chins Despatch their Enemies Promptly.

We never heard any stories showing that the Chins treated their enemies

cruelly. Their method of treating an enemy was at all events expeditious. They waited for him behind a tree and shot him, or, if he was captured, his throat was cut. But they have never resorted to torture and cruelty.

The Blood-Feud.

The blood-feud is the Chin's universal method of avenging murder. The opposing factions go on shooting one another, whenever they get the chance, and thus the feuds become interminable. When a Chin slays his enemy, the event, as usual, is celebrated with feasting and drinking, and a raid-trophy is erected. It is a proud and happy moment for a Chin when he kills an hereditary foe ; he boasts of the events,

a hero in his own

following inci-
trates this.

column was

through a vil-

Political

noticed a

raid-trophy

who had put it up.

body replied that so

was the hero. And

himself, a relative of the Chief's, came forward and proudly declared that he had had the honour of putting up the trophy, and that he was the fortunate individual who had been privileged to wipe the blood-stain from off his house and family. Then he related how the man he had slain had been an hereditary enemy of his, and how he had gone down to his village, waylaid, and shot him, and so his conscience was now free ; and he looked round triumphantly, believing his recital had produced a deep impression on the crowd. The villages of both factions were now under our control, and the authorities were desirous that these blood-feuds should be put an end to. A beginning had to be made some time or other, although it might appear hard on the first few cases. The man was, therefore,

and is considered quite

village. The

dent illus-

While the

passing

lage, the

Officer

brand new

and asked

Every-

and so

the hero



BURNING OF TUNZAN, WHERE STEWART'S HEAD WAS FOUND.

arrested, and, much to his astonishment, was informed that such actions could no longer be tolerated; that we considered it murder, and would punish the culprits accordingly. However, to stamp out effectually the blood-feud, which has been a law unto the Chins ever since they can remember, will be a matter of time. This man was subsequently tried and condemned to a period of imprisonment in Burma.

Their Graves.

The Chins bury their dead in their own yards. At Fa-lam we found the graves in the yards covered over with little thatched sheds, and in the Chiefs' houses there were solid stone- and- cement places which look- ed like vaults, in which the departed long sleep. In no other village had we come across such tombs. People who die violent deaths are buried outside the village. In such places they erect rudely carved posts, surmounted by skulls of animals, and with slabs of stone below. These are usually at the entrances of villages and near shady trees, and they also serve as resting-places, where the traveller can sit down in the shade and rest. When you come across these posts, you can always tell a village is in the neighbourhood.



JAHOOTA, THE PRESENT KLUNG-KLUNG CHIEF,
AND HIS RELATIVES.

their dead in their lam we found the covered over with sheds, and in the there were solid places which look- which the departed long sleep. In no we come across ple who die violent outside the village. erect rudely carved by skulls of ani- of stone below. at the entrances of shady trees, and resting-places, where down in the shade come across these

The manner of arranging these posts varies with each tribe, as a reference to the photographs will show. They are most plentiful in the southern Bounghshay country. Sometimes, at the entrances of villages, we came across recent graves of men killed during raids. Such graves were surrounded by a wooden palisade, to



FORT WHITE.

Thacker, Spink & Co., Calcutta.

which were attached the skulls of animals killed by the deceased. In the centre of the enclosure is a post, on which are hung the deceased's rain-coat, pipe, water gourd and other articles he used during his lifetime. At the foot of the post are vessels of water and food, so that, should the departed spirit return hungry and thirsty, he could eat and drink, and then go away satisfied and not haunt the village. From one of these posts we found suspended a human scalp and a pair of ears, the property of an enemy of the deceased, whom he had slain before he met with his own end.

The Tipsy Chief.

On one occasion arrived village, from shots suddenly "Halla ! going to the thought to each of soon found big feast on funeral or a marriage the villagers were



ON THE LOOK-OUT FOR THE OTHER COLUMN.

before a large which several denlyrangout. Is the village fight?" was that occurred us. But we there was a — either a riage—and all drunk ! Pre-

sently the old Chief appeared with his retinue, all far gone. The Chief was just able to keep on his pins, but to show his joy at our arrival he broke into a fantastic dance, a roll down the hill now and again not in the least cooling his ardour. Finally he lifted up his voice and welcomed us to his village, as with red, bleary eyes and dripping mouth he grinned into each of our faces ; and finally, much to the amusement of the whole column, he wound up by embracing the Commanding Officer and then in turn the others, all of whom he stroked like so many cats. His attentions at last became so overpowering that we had to get the old man removed from camp.

"The Sage of Shurkwa."

Another Chin toper also came to be well known during the Bounghshay expeditions. We knew him as old "Tetapata" or "the Sage of Shurkwa." In 1891, when a column from Haka began to shell Shurkwa from the opposite hill (as the village had been defiant and refused to submit) the Shurkwa people thought better of it and sent down a deputation of two men to offer their submission. One of these two men was the old Sage referred to above. As the shells went shrieking

suddenly saw two Chins

at a headlong pace

each staggering

a miscellaneous

fowls, plan-

cane, and

Before any

be given,

sepoys fired a

at the two

luckily the

not straight and

done. However, this

the speed at which the

came bounding down

and other obstacles like

a ludicrous sight. They soon came up the hill on which the column was halted and made known their mission. Peace was accordingly concluded and ratified in the usual Chin manner, the Sage taking the principal part on behalf of the Shurkwes. During the ceremony the formula rattled off by the old Sage consisted chiefly of the sounds "*Te-ta-pa-tu*," repeated in rapid succession. From this incident he received his *sobriquet*. Immediately after the ceremony the old man, always with an eye to business, rushed off and commenced to pick up all the empty bulli-beef tins and other rubbish he found lying about, with which he

across the valley, the column

rushing down the *khud*

from the village,

under the load of

collection of

tains, sugar-

gourds of *Yu*.

orders could

some of the

volley or two

figures, but

shooting was

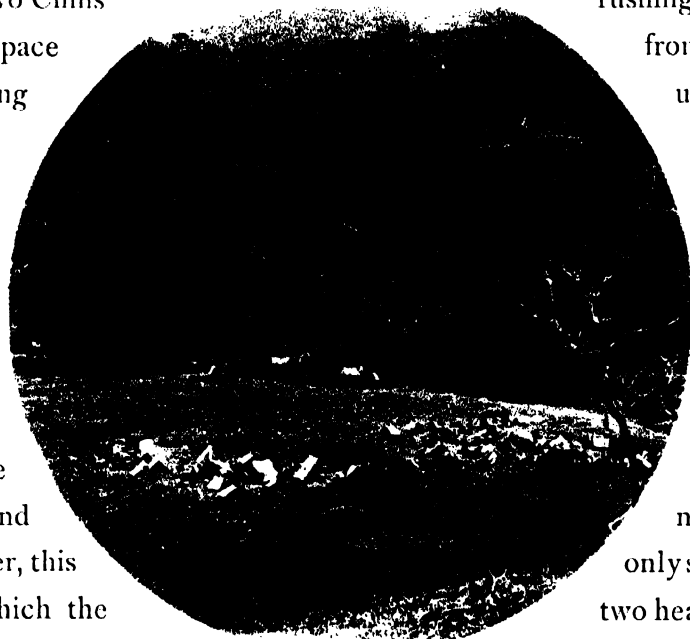
no damage was

only served to quicken

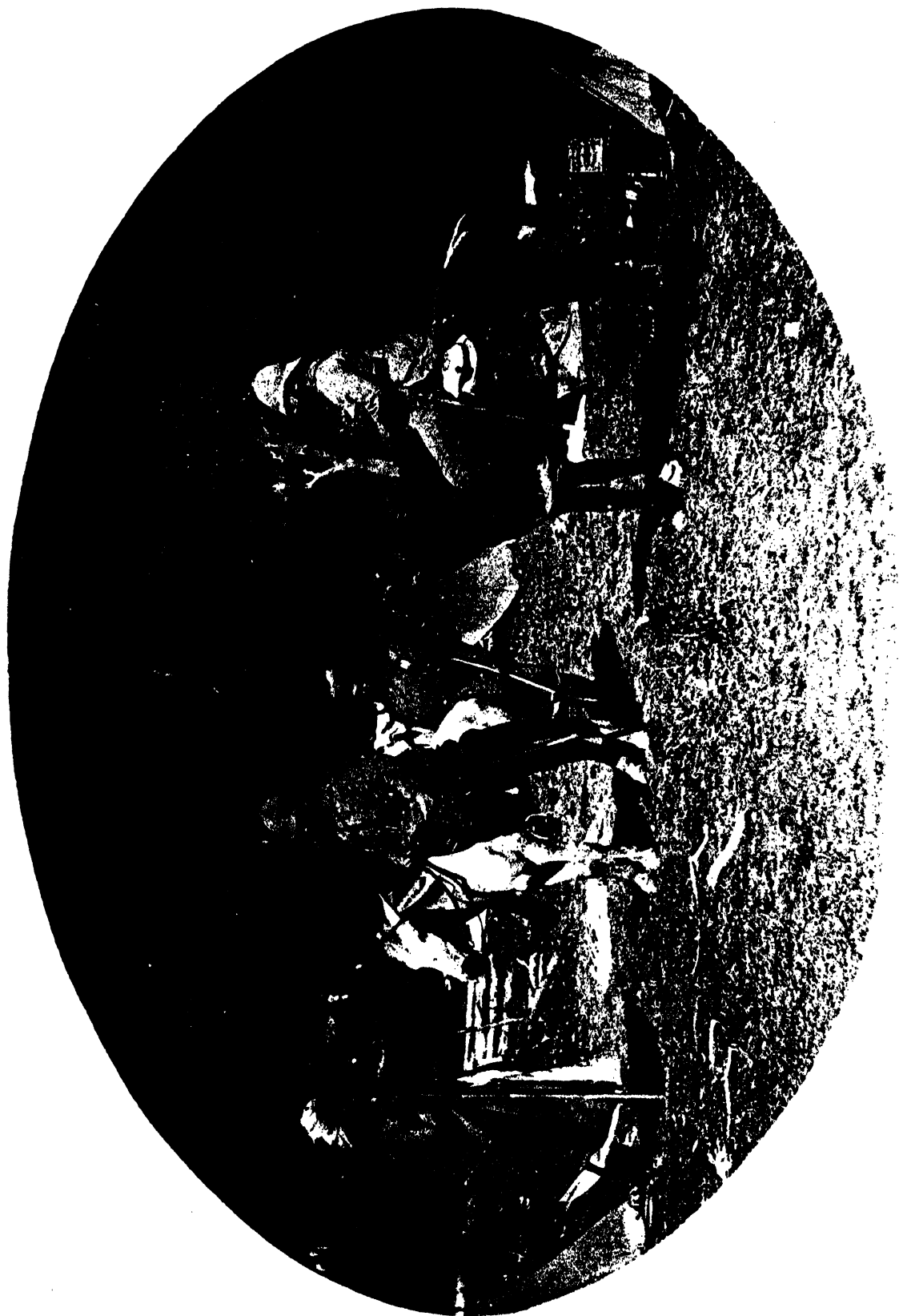
two heavily laden Chins

the hill, clearing ditches

antelopes. It was quite



TASHON COLUMN ENCAMPED NEAR SOURCES
OF THE BOINU.



returned in triumph to the village. He was a dirty old man of about fifty winters, with a scraggy gray beard and gray hair and a 'cute-looking face with overhanging brows, from beneath which looked out a pair of small sharp eyes, that gave you the impression that they were always on the look-out for the main chance. From the angles of his mouth tobacco-juice always kept oozing in drops and stained his grizzly old beard. The old boy we soon discovered had a great fondness for *Yu* and rum, when he could get any. Wherever there was a *Yu* jar or gourd lying about, there you would be sure to find

old "Tetapata"

were usually

morning,

edly, had

of his skin

it, a boil-

terwould

pale by

of his

attached

the friendlies

column, and came

several "dours." This

the chance of getting

drinks at all the villages.

He was a proficient in sucking the stuff out of the jars, by which he sat longer than anyone else, and the twinkle of satisfaction in his little eyes as the liquid trickled down his throat was a sight worth seeing. He often came and sat by our fire and tried to make himself agreeable, keeping one eye all the while on the rum-bottle. There was no resisting this mute appeal, and the satisfaction with which he smacked his lips and grunted out, "*Atah ! Atah !*" (good ! very good !) was worth the price of the tot given him. Whenever or wherever you met the old man, climbing a hill, or fording a river, or resting by the wayside, he always produced an orange from somewhere beneath his capacious, but dirty, robes, and presented it to you : it was usually sour ! He



EVENING AT A POST ON THE CHIN HILLS.

also. His eyes

pink in the

and assur-

the colour

permitted

ed lobs-

havebeen

the side

nose ! He

himself to

with the

out with us on

apparently he did on

free and unlimited

was a good forager too, and sometimes did a little trade with us. He looted fowls from the villages sold them to us. When times were hard, he strode a stately sort of ges and things. One day he astonished us all by shaving off his beard, and this juvenile appearance often came into child slung on his was useful in obies and in other regret to record in the little dis- curred at Shurkwa "Tetapata," in matters between



"FORT GUNNING," THE POST IN THE BOUNGSHAY COUNTRY NEAR LOTAW.

He looted fowls on the way and When times were about the camp in way selling oran- One day he aston- shaving off his gave him quite a ance. He was a man too, for he camp with his shoulders. He taining Chin cool- ways. I much that subsequently, turbance that oc- about coolies, old trying to smooth the two parties,

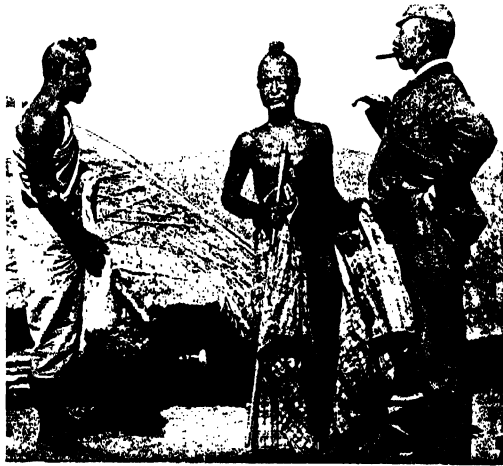


COLUMN HALTED PREVIOUS TO FINAL ADVANCE ON FALAM, THE TASHON CAPITAL.

was shot dead. Poor old Chin! He wasn't a bad savage at heart, and we were all sorry to hear of his untimely end.

The Chin who kept

During the shell-friendly old Chief did made by the guns and to run away. Some- he kept his mouth his fingers into his no injury. Where- promptly opened his would go, and much ment sat patiently the firing ceased!



LEARNING THE CHIN LANGUAGE.

his mouth open.

ing of a village one not like the noise seemed half inclined one told him that, if wide open and stuck ears, he would suffer upon the old man mouth as wide as it to everyone's amuse- in that attitude till

How we fed.

Our feeding arrange- in all the columns. big mess, while were several Both meth- ed equal- though more fun the small Each mess by a num- when dinner would hear such up, No. 1, for dinner!" or "Pull yourselves

ments were not the same

In some we had one in others there

small ones.

ods work-

ly well,

we got

out of

messes.

was known

ber. Thus,

was ready, you

shouts as :—"Roll

or "Hurry up, No. 2!"

together, No. 3!



THE HOUSES WE LIVE IN AT A CHIN POST.

Always late !” And then each mess sat round its own fire and discussed its own dinner. Our fires were adjacent to one another, so that, as the meal went on, we were able to talk across to each other and criticise each other’s *menus* for the day, something after this fashion :—“We have got an excellent stew to-day. What have you got, No. 1 ?” “Oh ! our omelette is simply beautiful. We have never tasted a better in all our lives before !” would reply No. 1. “But we have such a beauty of a custard. Your *chef* could not make one like it, if he tried all his life !” would chime in No. 3 mess.

“Pooh !” would put in
have a roast fowl here,
anything you
duce.” And
jesting and
chatter the
would pass
Sometimes
vited another
ner ; but the
stated that
bring your
drink when



THE HAKA POST.

No. 4. “We
that will beat
could pro-
so amidst
pleasant
dinner - hour
away merrily.
one mess in-
across to din-
invitation
you had to
own food and
you came !

Then, when you called on the other messes, say, to leave your card, you were asked to have a peg, but you had to provide it yourself !

We are a Happy Family.

Throughout the whole period we were a happy family. Each one contributed, as far as in him lay, to the general enjoyment. And the happy spirit and thorough fellow-feeling that always prevailed caused all difficulties to vanish.

The Story of the Free Drink.

Before concluding these camp reminiscences, we cannot refrain from quoting a story of how a thirsty young officer got an extra free drink. We had all come



A CONSULTATION : MR. CAREY, MR. MACNAUL, MAJOR HOWLETT, AND CAPT. EVATT.

into camp after a long weary march. A Tommy marched in looking very worn and fagged out. The thirsty officer thereupon poured out a stiff peg of rum from the mess bottle and said he would give it to the tired soldier. He went to the man and offered him the rum ; but he said, "Much obliged, sir, but I am a teetotaller." "Oh ! I am very sorry ; I did not know that," said the thirsty one, and he promptly drank off the peg himself ; and that is how he got an extra drink all for nothing. But it brought him in for a good deal of chaff and banter.



CHINS BRINGING ON THE MAELS.

Work Successfully Done.

In spite of difficulties, many and varied, which need not be set down here, the Expeditions were, one and all, most successfully accomplished, and that without resort to bloodshed. And does not Milton tell us, "Peace hath her victories no less renown'd than war?"

Though we fought no battles, yet the toiling and moiling over that interminable jumble of hills, which tried the endurance of the troops to the utmost,

represented a sum total of very hard work done. And the troops richly earned the high encomiums bestowed on them by the military authorities.

The Work Done.

The whole of these hills has now been traversed from end to end, and the submission of all the tribes obtained, though, so long as they have their fire-arms, there is the chance of disturbances occurring at any time—as was the case recently at Shurkwa. Many Burmese captives were released, especially in the north by Mr. Carey. Raiding into Burma has now ceased. The Klung-tribes, who were concerned in the attack on our troops last year, were duly punished by heavy fines of guns and where they refused to pay, by the burning of a house for every gun not paid. The village where Lieut. Stewart's head was found was also punished, the headmen's houses being burnt and the village heavily fined in guns, and the village trophies were all destroyed. The Klung-ex-Chief Lalway, Stewart's murderer, remains a fugitive in the hills, and a relation of his, well known as "Jahoota," reigns in his stead as Chief of the Klung-Klung tribes. In the north the Kanhow column found a very good trade-route direct into Manipur. The Tashon column had the honour of discovering the sources of the Boinu or Kolodyne river, in longitude $90^{\circ} 32'$ and latitude $22^{\circ} 51'$, on the 29th of March, 1892, in a morass to the west of the great Ramklao range.



CHIN HILLS AND VILLAGE.

Temporary Posts.

After the various expeditions were over, temporary posts were established in

different parts of the hills, from which small parties from time to time went out and visited vill-

been able to visit.

troops were

every direct-

the rains

posts were

drawn. A

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the Tashon

ages, that the expeditions had not

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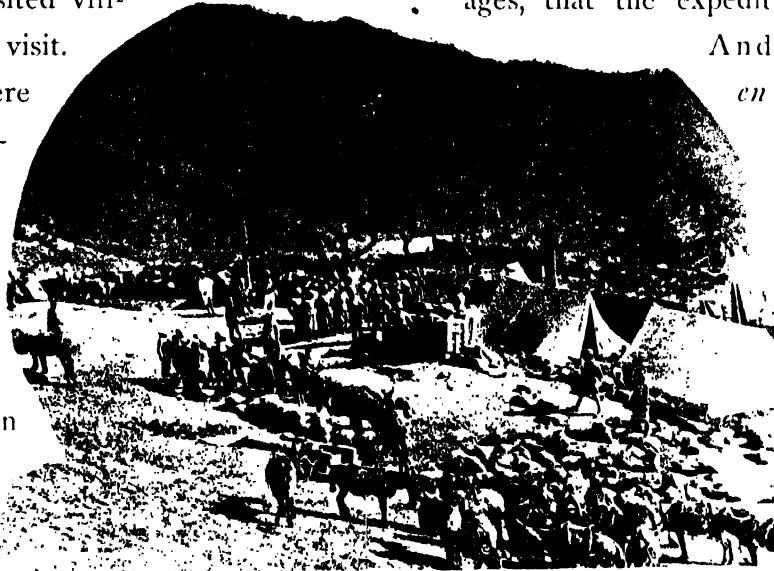
all with-

new per-

post was

at Falam,

capital.



SENDING OUT RATIONS FOR A COLUMN.

Conclusion of Operations.

With the breaking-up of the columns, the troops who came up temporarily for the operations joyfully return to Burma, hoping never to see the Chin Hills again. The rest settle down in their posts to hibernate till the next open season, when

they will have to take their share again in any work

that may have to be done. For during the rains

nothing can be accomplished.



THE POLITICAL COURT AT HAKA.

There are now three main posts in these hills. These are Haka in the south, Fort White in the north, and Falam in the centre. These posts are garrisoned respectively by the 2nd Burma Battalion, the 1st Burma

Rifles, and the 39th Gurhwal Rifles.

The Present Situation.

Such is the situation in the Chin Hills at the present moment. A Chin-Lushai Conference recently met at Calcutta to decide on the future policy to be pursued in reference to these hills. The Government of India has now published a statement of the result, which is, that Lushai-land, converted into one charge, is to be handed over to Assam, while the Chin Hills, also



IN THE STOCKS.

probably made into one charge, will continue to be administered by Burma.





MEETING OF THE CHIEFS: THE C. O.'S AND THE POLITICAL OFFICERS OF THE TASHON AND NWENGAL COLUMNS ARRANGING THEIR PLAN OF CAMPAIGN.

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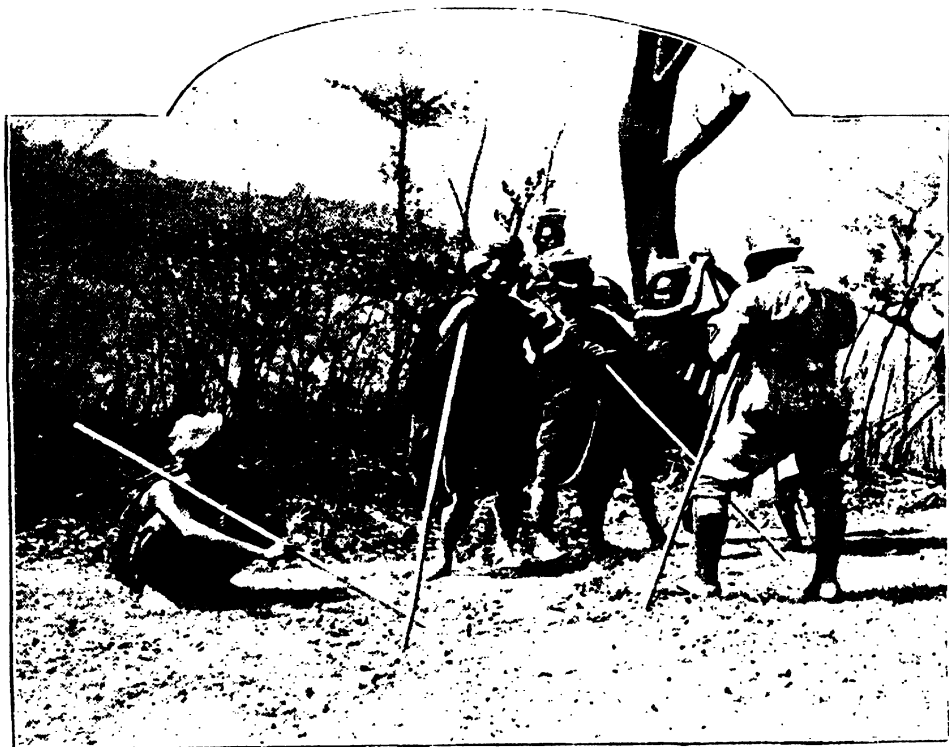
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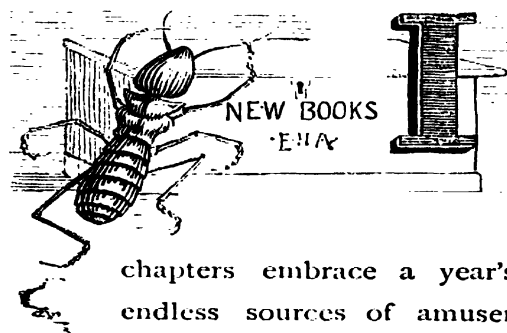
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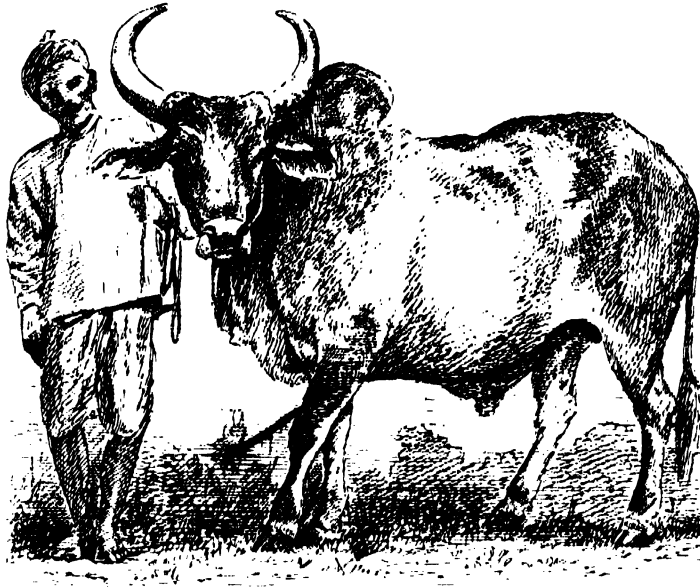
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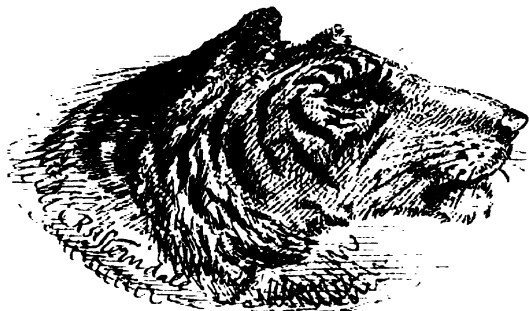
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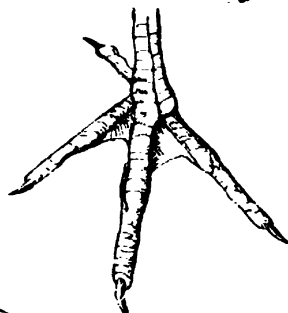
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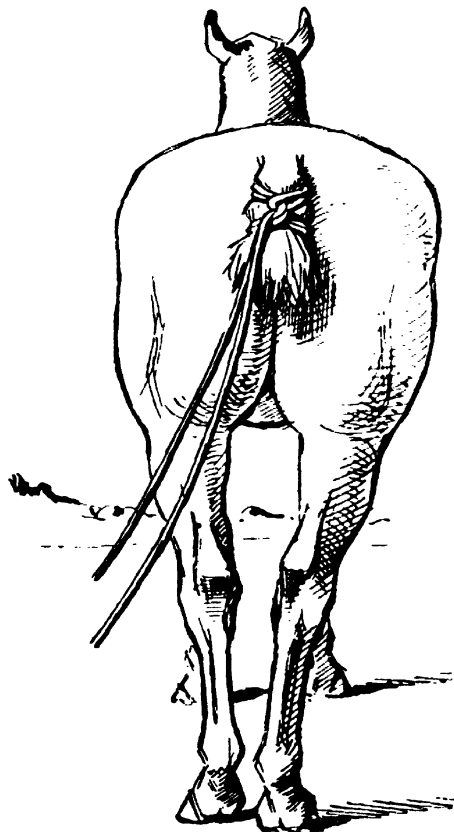
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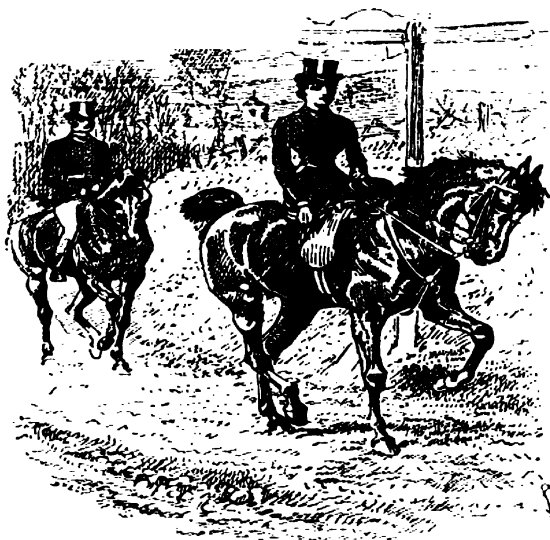
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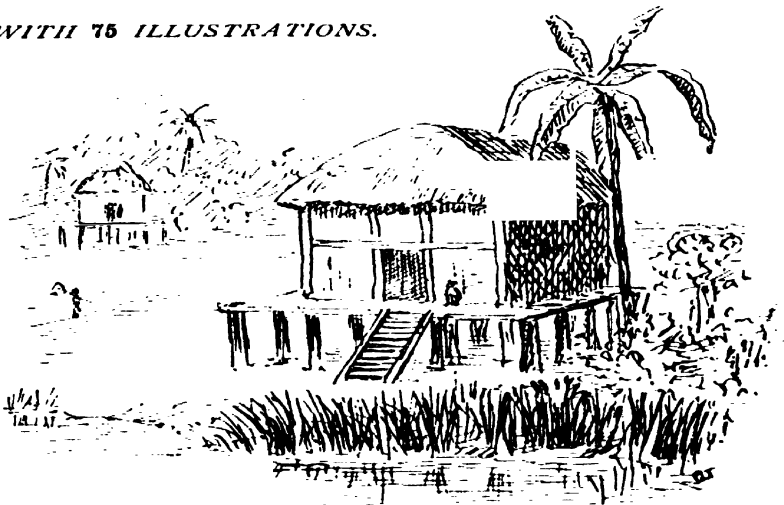
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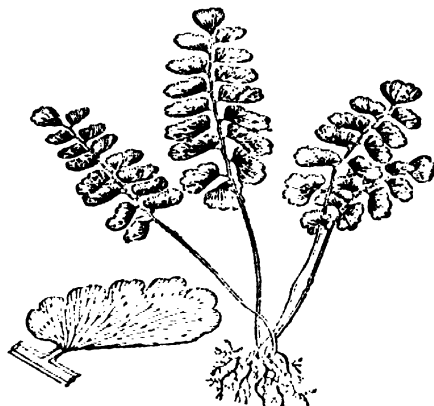
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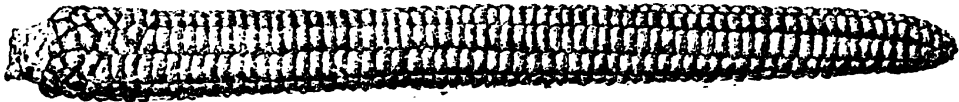
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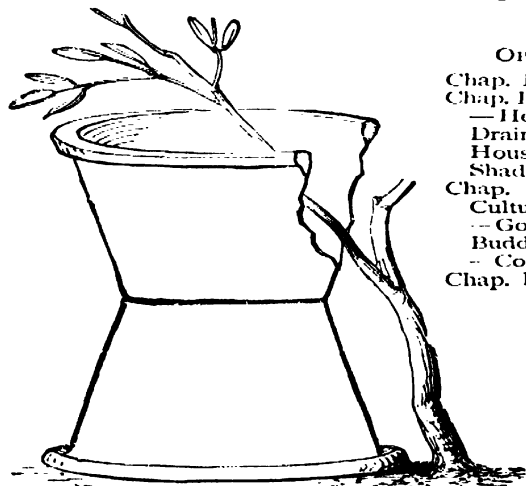
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